

ÉDITION DE LUXE

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AUGUST 26, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1899

WITH EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT  
"The Graphic Photographic Competition—III."

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HER MAJESTY AND HER THREE DIRECT DESCENDANTS IN THE MALE LINE  
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN

From a Photograph taken at Osborne by Chancellor and Son, Dublin



## Topics of the Week

**The Return of Me. Labori** THOSE French folks who find pleasure in having *La Belle France* the subject of cosmopolitan talk—a good many are supposed to do so—must be entirely satisfied just now. While the world is keeping open ears for the pronouncement of the Rennes court-martial, it is kindly furnished with a variety of other exciting incidents to tone down the interminable speeches of the military witnesses. Evidence to the point there is none, or next to none; it is a case of Hamlet with the character rôle omitted. But if dogmatic opinions were equivalent to hard facts, there would be enough testimony to convict Captain Dreyfus a dozen times over. As matters stand even the shrewdest Parisians remain in doubt as to what the verdict will be. But that popular commotions, more or less grave, are almost certain to occur admits of no question. The late rioting at Paris was, on the surface, a Socialist and Anarchist upheaval, but the cries of the rioters showed that even they were deeply moved by the spectacle of a number of highly placed officers conspiring to ruin and disgrace an unfortunate captain by fraudulent testimony. Me. Labori's marvellous resurrection from the dead—at first his life was despaired of by his medical attendants—cannot fail to be of great benefit to the accused. No sooner was he back in court—"merely to watch the proceedings," as he professed, to save his colleague's *amour propre*—than the cross-examination became infused with additional vigour and sharpness. The generals again find themselves face to face with an advocate bold enough to make light of the so-called "honour of the Army" in comparison with the honour of the nation at large.

"THE honour of the Army!" Truly there is an ironical sound in that catch phrase when contrasted with the tragic story told in the next column of how Colonel Klobb and Lieutenant Meunier were deliberately murdered near Lake Tchad by their brother officers and fellow-countrymen. There must be something wrong when, on the one hand, the highest officers of the French Army combine to thwart the course of justice at home, while abroad two or three subordinate officers first mutiny and then shoot down their superiors. Discipline must be weak to allow of such general looseness—discipline, *camaraderie*, and sense of honour. Or it may be that the fault lies with the French people themselves for so frequently unseating and seating Ministries. These constant changes of *personnel* and, to some extent, of policy as well, may well impart the same sort of instability to the Army. The weakening of authority at the centre of Government could hardly fail to create belief among such officers as Captains Voulet and Chanoine that, even if they committed murder, the arm of the law could never reach them.

**SIR EDMUND ANTROBUS** lets it be known that he wishes to sell Stonehenge; he even mentions the price—125,000/—he is willing to accept for the whole ring of monoliths with the 1,300 acres of downs which surround the historic group. It is a considerable sum; if the value of the land be estimated at 20/ per acre—we doubt whether it would fetch anything like that price—the stones have to be reckoned as worth 99,000/. Large though the amount is, it would be a mere nothing for the nation to pay for the preservation of, perhaps, the most interesting "ancient monument" in the kingdom. But a side issue of considerable consequence is involved in this matter. Were the Government to pay a purely fancy price for these Druidical remains—if they are Druidical—lest they should be carried off to the United States to ornament the grounds of some "kerosene king," it would not be long before other owners of ancient monuments brought them into the market on similar terms. Ruined castles and abbeys cannot be shipped across the Atlantic, and Chepstow, Raglan, and Tintern may, therefore, be considered safe, into whose hands they fall. But packable memorials of Ancient Britain can, it appears, be only safeguarded against removal by the power of the purse.

**MR. RADCLIFFE COOKE**, when he preached the gospel of cider, did not preach in vain. Since he took up that cause, the dearly loved tippie of the soft West country has won popularity far and wide. Both in London proper and in its environs mine host generally sees his advantage in including the fermented apple-juice among his wares. But that is not the only change; in most cases the article supplied is genuine, whether it comes from one county or another. The quality differs, of course, as with other drinks, but even a Devonshire or a Hereford connoisseur need no longer turn up his nose at the cider purveyed to Londoners. Norfolk, Herts, Bucks and Kent have taken up the manufacture of this delicate stimulant, while although "Zummeret" modestly keeps her name out of the business, there is good reason to believe that a considerable quantity of cider brewed in that picturesque county finds its way to the metropolis. For a thirsty soul, there is no more refreshing drink than cider-cup, while the teetotaler can without stretching his conscience unduly, regard it as temperance tippie. Perhaps that may be one reason why London cyclists have taken so kindly to cider; it "cheers but not inebriates."

## The Court

THE QUEEN, according to present arrangements, will leave Osborne for Scotland on or about August 31. Her Majesty will cross from East Cowes to Gosport, and travel by special train over the London and South-Western, Great Western, London and North-Western, Caledonian, and Great North of Scotland Railways to Ballater, where she will arrive next day early in the afternoon. Thence Her Majesty will go direct to Balmoral. In the meantime the Queen has, as usual, been taking great interest in the affairs of her neighbours in the Isle of Wight. One day, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Connaught, Her Majesty visited the Cottage Garden Society's Show in the Rectory Grounds at Whippingham.

On another day the Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the fête held in the grounds of Carisbrooke Castle in aid of the fund for restoring the outside fabric of the Church of St. Thomas à Becket and St. Thomas the Apostle in the parish of Newport. At Carisbrooke Her Majesty was met by Princess Henry of Battenberg, Governor of the Isle of Wight, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, and Prince Arthur and Princesses Margaret and Victoria of Connaught, and by Princess Victoria Eugénie and Princes Alexander, Leopold and Maurice of Battenberg. Among the entertainments in the programme of the fête was Oliver Hobbes's drama, *A Repentance*, by Mr. George Alexander's company, and a bicycle gymkhana. The Queen seemed to be much interested in all she saw, and especially in a very pretty procession of lady bicyclists clad in white. Lieutenant Lees, the Army trick cyclist, also gave an exhibition of his skill. On leaving, Her Majesty was accompanied to Osborne by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Christian.

Among those to arrive at Osborne has been Lord Pauncefoot, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Washington. He had an audience of the Queen, and kissed hands upon his accession to the Peerage. Sir Claud MacDonald, from Peking, also arrived, and, with Lord Pauncefoot, had the honour of dining with the Queen. The two Ambassadors left Osborne next day. Another interesting visitor was Captain H. Harrington, Indian Staff Corps, Her Majesty's Agent at Addis Abbaba. He was introduced to Her Majesty's presence with a phonograph containing a message from the Emperor Menelik of Ethiopia and the Empress Taitau, in reply to a phonographic message from the Queen.

The Duchess of York, who has been staying with the Hon. H. J. and Lady Katharine Coke, at Longford Hall, Derby, paid a visit to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth House, travelling by train to Matlock Bath, and driving thence to the former place in the Duke of Devonshire's carriage. Accompanying her Royal Highness and Lady Katharine Coke were the Earl and Countess of Lathom. At Haddon Hall her Royal Highness and party were received by Mr. A. Payne Gallwey, the deputy-agent, and the Duke's architect, Mr. Rye, who pointed out the chief features of interest in the building. Luncheon was served in the dining-room, and afterwards the drive was continued to Bakewell, where the parish church was visited. Subsequently, the party visited Chatsworth House, where they were received by Mr. Victor Cavendish.

## A Strange Story from French Soudan

A MOST remarkable story has just reached Paris from French Soudan, and the news has been officially confirmed. Early this year Lieutenant Peteau, who had accompanied the mission under Captains Voulet and Chanoine, which was despatched with the object of reaching Lake Chad, returned to Say. He declared that he had been distressed on account of disagreement with Captain Chanoine (the son of General Chanoine ex-Minister of War), who had during the march been guilty of many acts of tyranny and cruelty to the natives. These statements of Lieutenant Peteau were transmitted to the Minister of the Colonies in Paris, and as the result Lieutenant-Colonel Klobb and Lieutenant Meunier were despatched to make inquiry into the conduct of the mission. Colonel Klobb and Lieutenant Meunier, with a small



CAPTAIN VOULET



CAPTAIN CHANOINE

escort, accordingly started off to catch up the expedition. A messenger was sent on in advance with a letter to Captains Voulet and Chanoine, enjoining them to stop, and warning them of the decision arrived at regarding them. Before Colonel Klobb had come up with the expedition his messengers returned with a very laconic answer from Captain Voulet to the effect that if the Colonel persisted in trying to fulfil the mission with which he was entrusted he could consider himself a dead man. Colonel Klobb was not intimidated by this threat. He continued his march, and it was not long before the Voulet-Chanoine Mission came into view. He was not allowed to approach it, however. Captain Voulet, who was surrounded by his officers and men, called upon him to go back, and ordered his men to present arms. Colonel Klobb's only reply was, "I cannot have my arms loaded. Fire if you dare!" and he advanced, together with Lieutenant Meunier and the members of his escort. A volley rang out, and Lieutenant Meunier and some of the natives fell to the ground. Colonel Klobb himself was hit in the leg. He advanced a few steps further. There was a second volley, and the Colonel and Lieutenant Meunier were both killed. Captain Voulet ordered a bayonet charge, and Colonel Klobb's escort fled. One of them, a sergeant, brought the news of the murder to Say. The Voulet-Chanoine mission subsequently took to the bush.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

AT a most successful concert given by Lady Breadalbane last week at Taymouth Castle, one of the items contributed was a harp solo by the Hon. Mrs. Forbes Sempill, which was much applauded. All the lady's ancestresses played the harp, and greatly to her credit she has continued to feel an affection for what is now considered an old-fashioned instrument. Yet it has many advantages; it is graceful and effective, and well displays a fine arm, a pretty foot, and a handsome figure. It is not so loud and deafening as an elaborate performance on the piano, it is not so difficult as the violin, it lends itself to accompaniments and to the rendering of sweet old national songs and quaint rustic ditties. Even a moderate performer on the harp can give some pleasure, which is more than can be said for the player on the violin. Now that we are returning to limp muslins and the Victorian era in dress, it might be well to take up harp-playing also, with which our grandmothers completed their conquest of men.

A curious cycle accident is recorded from Glasgow. A young man who fell from his bicycle, by some curious means was precipitated against his lamp, which cut his throat so severely that notwithstanding the efforts of the most skilful surgeons he died next day. This adds a new terror to the bicycle, the crop of accidents connected with which has been a large one lately. Almost all, however, occur from the fact that the victim was proceeding down hill very rapidly without a brake, and either lost control of his machine or ran into something. When will people learn that coasting, without a brake, down a steep hill must inevitably sooner or later prove fatal.

A contemporary complains that most women go upstairs with a movement entirely lacking in grace. So they do, also they go downstairs and walk in the street in the same fashion. Athletics do not seem to have made women graceful. They either walk like men, with long, ungainly steps, or they waddle hastily to and fro, like a duck. In dancing especially this may be observed. The gliding, easy motion inculcated by old-fashioned dancing mistresses seems to have died out. Grace is no longer sought for, only quick, angular and sometimes clumsy movements. A girl flings herself into a chair or on to a sofa, in the most careless and awkward attitude. Yet grace is an essential part of beauty. Animals are graceful, children are graceful, actresses try to be graceful, dancers must be so, only the average girl thinks it unnecessary.

All the Scotch trains have been hours late for the past three weeks, and a great deal of this is the fault of women, women who will drag even up to Highland moors and tiny shooting boxes a paraphernalia of trunks, dressing-cases, hat boxes, and bags which might have graced the train of an Empress. Every fashionable lady changes her dress at least four times a day in a country house, which means for a visit of a week twenty-four dresses of all kinds. Each dress requires a hat, or head-dress, or blouse, or other accessory, hence the enormous quantity of luggage. Besides this most women carry about a dog, a camera, or a tea-basket, a book-bag and a dressing-bag, a manicure case and a making-up box, plaids, rugs, cloaks, and umbrellas, and all this for the wide, silent, wind-blown moors and the heather-clad hills. Woman still seems determined to remain a thing of shreds and patches, as when Herrick sung of her:—

Learn of me what woman is,  
Something made of thread and thrum,  
A mere botch of all and some;  
Pieces, patches, ropes of hair;  
Inlaid garbage everywhere.  
Outside silk and outside lawn,  
Scenes to cheat us, neatly drawn;  
False in height, and false in size,  
False in breast, hair, teeth and eyes,  
False in head, and false enough,  
Only true in shreds and stuff.

Gutter children have far to seek for amusement. Not for them are well-kept tennis lawns, the ample cricket field, or even the small and select playground. So they set to work to invent games of their own, generally calculated to annoy other people. The orange-peel slide is now somewhat out of favour, but the best game of all is ringing the front-door bell. Peals of laughter greet the advent of the servant-maid, as from a safe vantage ground the children watch her puzzled face. I have known the same game repeated three times in succession at all the doors in a square, and always with the same satisfactory result. The children have attained such skill in evading the police, that they can safely play the game most afternoons, and thus obtain considerable exercise and amusement.

This is essentially the visiting season, when everyone thinks it necessary to leave his own house and go into someone else's, either as a lodger or a guest. The first, as a rule, finds a holiday in expensive discomfort, but the last, with some show of reason, expects pleasure, for why should we invite friends if not to make them happy? The popular idea that it takes a great deal of money to entertain properly, is no doubt at the root of the matter, yet in reality, with the exception of the weather, which, of course, is under no human control, very little is required for comfort. A decent dinner, a good bed, the society of a few friends comprises all that is necessary. Show and a fine outside never made anyone happy. Yet these small things are sometimes neglected. How few hostesses ever inspect or occasionally sleep in the guests' beds in order to know if they are comfortable, how few inquire into the draughts from the door, the temperature of the hot water brought up to the bedrooms, and the smokiness of the chimney, or know whether the early tea is nice or nasty? Some people economise in wine, others order a quantity of courses for dinner, but never care how they are prepared, and few indeed study the minor items of good pens, well-filled inkstands, and the convenience of trains and steamboats. To a poor visitor a long journey and a ruinous cab fare form sometimes serious drawbacks. Tips again completely deter the very impecunious young man from visiting at all. Yet a little care, forethought and consideration might make a visit as delightful a reminiscence, as it is often an unpleasant memory of discomfort and expense.

The weather in Scotland last week was so hot that men who possessed them went out shooting in kharkee coats and solar topees, just as they would for tiger-shooting in India.



**P**OSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight.  
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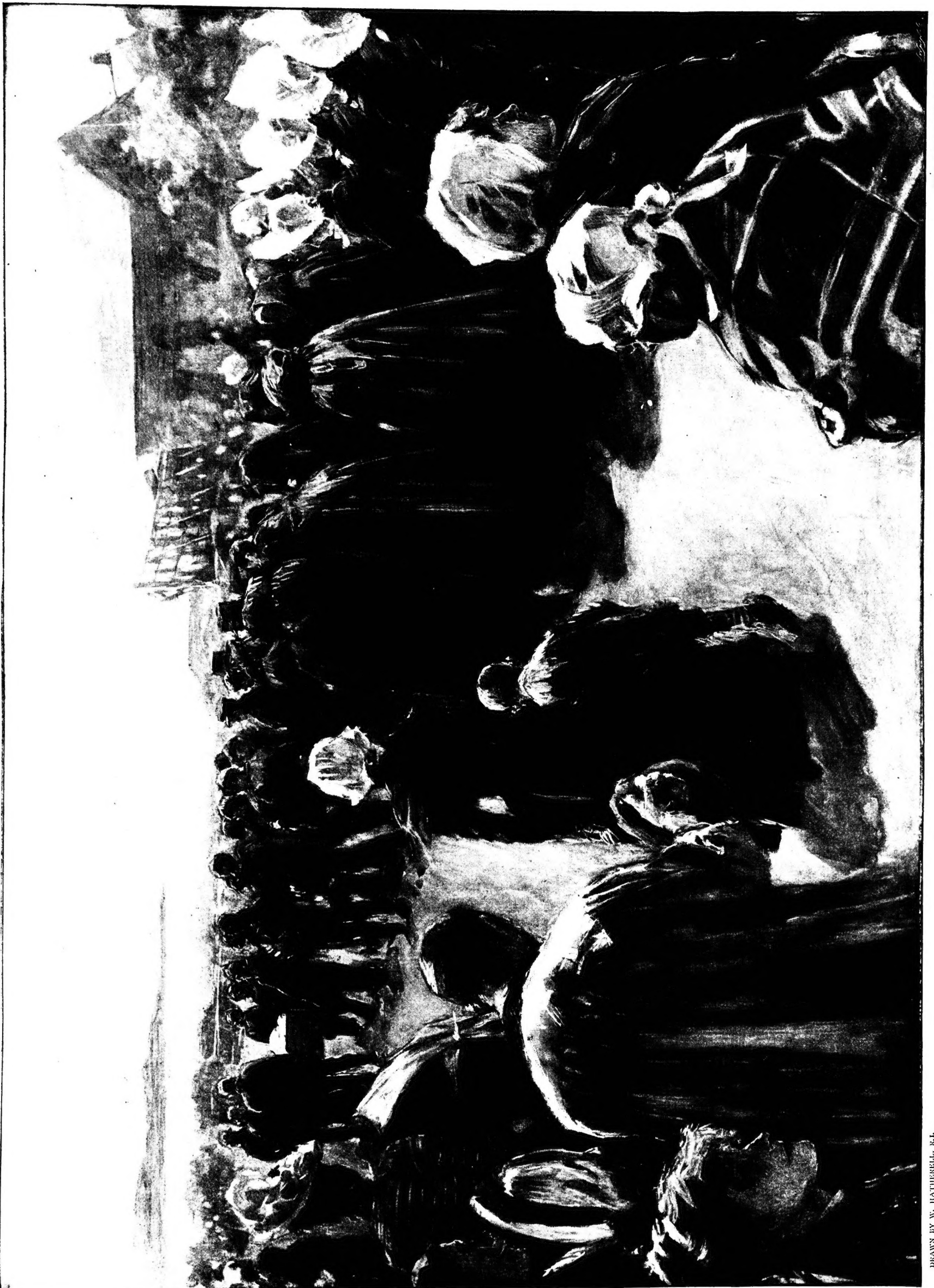


While the regiments are going through operations, the bands who have marched out with them take the opportunity to do a little practising. Our illustration represents the drums and fifes of the Manchester Regiment in a shady corner practising in what is called "shirt sleeves order."—a condition of things brought about by the hot weather, and eagerly taken advantage of when permission is given

THE MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL BY THE DRUMS AND FIFES OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. HOYNCK





DRAWN BY W. HATTERELL, R.I.

The unfortunate French fisherman who was shot when H.M.S. *Leda* fired the other day on the French fish tug-boat *Etoile de Mer*, was buried with great ceremony at Etaples, to which place both the boat and the dead man's family belong. The funeral was made a national matter

by the priest of the town, who called upon his flock to show their patriotism by attending the ceremony as a protest against the crime committed by the foreigners. A very large number of the townsfolk was the result, with the magistrates at their head. There are a number of English

visitors at the town, and they have been in constant dread of hostile demonstrations, as the local Press has been exceedingly violent in its denunciation of the officer of the *Leda* and of everything

FROM A SKETCH BY F. W. SHEPARD

THE SEQUEL TO THE "LEDA" INCIDENT: THE FUNERAL OF THE FRENCH FISHERMAN AT ETAPLES

## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

### "WITH FLYING COLOURS"

THE courage exhibited by Mr. Herbert Sleath in opening the ADELPHI Theatre with a new romantic drama at a time when some two-thirds of his West End rivals have for the moment closed their doors has already been rewarded with brilliant success. *With Flying Colours* is not a work of literary pretensions; few pieces of its class, indeed, can claim that distinction. But it is picturesque and exciting, and its authors, Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Fred G. Latham, have given evidence in a remarkable degree of that rare and precious gift of the playwright—the power to awaken and sustain the curiosity of the spectator from act to act. Much has been said about borrowed incidents, and it is quite true that the episode of the imprudent gentleman who cheats a young friend at cards, with no worse object than that of curing him of his infatuation for the gaming table, and who unexpectedly finds himself in consequence branded as a cheat, has rather too recently been seen on the stage to be brought again into such prominence. The authors ought to have said to themselves "This will not do. We shall have reminders from the gallery of Messrs. Hope and Rose's *When a Man's in Love* at the COURT Theatre only last October." But as to the other borrowings, who can claim copyright in what has long been the common property of the purveyors of autumn dramas? After all, it is the half-dozen primary passions, so to speak, that must furnish the dramatist with his springs of action, and the conditions under which they can be exhibited have in all their essentials probably been long since exhausted. Had Mr. Sleath waited for playwrights with an ample stock of brand-new incidents he would certainly not have been so well to the fore with his new piece. Fortunately for him audiences are less exacting. Old playgoers on Saturday evening doubtless detected echoes of bygone nights at the play; but they were grateful not the less for the entertainment afforded to them. That they were well pleased let their honest plaudits—not to be mistaken by the ears of experienced first-nighters—be the sensible and true avouch.

Nor did a little straining in the matter of plausibility appear to interfere seriously with their enjoyment. When James Strangeways—the arch villain of the piece, played by Mr. Abingdon in his most crafty and cruel fashion—suddenly determines to rush down to Southampton, shoot young Lieutenant Andover, R.N., just returned from fourteen years' absence abroad, and, exchanging clothing with his victim, adopt his name, appropriate his effects, and even assume his position in the navy and his candidature for the hand and fortune of pretty Miss Mary Derrick, daughter of Sir John Derrick, of the firm of Andover and Derrick, the Chatham ship-builders and bankers—nobody seemed to be struck with the many lucky coincidences which must have combined to secure the success of so complex and perilous a scheme. But, for awhile at least, all must go well with ADELPHI villains, and audiences are perfectly willing to accept this condition. A high time indeed does the spurious Lieutenant Andover have of it—for a while. He has robbed the bank with the connivance of the manager, Lotan Hackett, who is driven to crime by the necessity of providing funds for the wicked wife whom he adores. He has contrived to persuade Hackett that his wife loves him dearly when, in truth, she is the mistress of his villainous accomplice. Even the imprudence of the hero, Lieutenant Richard Dare, in the card-cheating incident, turns to Strangeways' advantage; for, by denying the existence of the document which would have established Dare's innocence, he completes the ruin of his rival, who has won the love of Miss Derrick. And when Dare resigns his commission and takes service as an able-bodied seaman aboard Her Majesty's ship *Defiance*, of which Strangeways, alias Andover, is now first lieutenant, what easier than to provoke the young man to strike his superior, and get him sentenced to imprison-

ment at Dartmoor. It is this bleak and barren settlement which is the scene not only of the most stirring incidents but of the freshest and most truthful episodes in the play. The sketches of convicts, and of the relations and friends who come to visit them, though marked by a rather cruel realism, are curiously real. So is the scene in which the wicked wife, whose betrayal has brought her wretched husband Hackett to this same dismal abode, denounces her paramour from motives of jealousy. The incidents of the escape of Hackett, now thirsting for revenge, from the penal quarries, his pursuit and final death struggle with the monster Strangeways in the Dartmoor cottage which Mary Derrick has made her home, keeps the fifth act in a whirl of excitement, and is altogether very moving and picturesque.

The play owes a considerable part of its success to the performers. In the character of the heroine, Mary Derrick, Miss Suzanne Sheldon, the young American actress, lately a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, has for the first time secured an opportunity of exhibiting to advantage her refined and natural style. As a representative of heroines of romantic drama she is a decided acquisition to our stage. Lieutenant Dare, the hero of the story, is a rather poor and undecided creature, as heroes of melodrama are rather apt to be, but Mr. Julius Knight makes the best of his part, and is able to retain the favour of the audience throughout. For the comic business, without which the trials and sufferings of the innocent personages would be apt to be too distressing to the spirits of the spectator, the management have secured once more the services of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mrs. Henry Leigh. Need we say that Mr. Nicholls, who plays the part of Harry Belt, a simple-minded bank messenger who becomes a man-o'-war's man *malgré lui*, stands to this forcible and amusing actress in the relation of son, and is the object of her exuberant motherly affections. The comic episodes have obviously been elaborated with great care; and the scene in which to Belt's bewilderment numerous strangers

saunter through his cottage in conformity with a prescriptive right of way, exercisable only on a certain day in the year, is both humorous and new. Mr. Nicholls is fortunate in his association with Miss Florence Lloyd, who plays the part of Belt's sweetheart—subsequently his wife—the banker's servant with a good-tempered vivacity which is always welcome. The villainy of Strangeways reaches a high point of artistic finish in the performance of Mr. Abingdon, and Mrs. Raleigh in her splendid gown more than half persuades us to believe in that monstrous combination of depravity and personal attraction, Mrs. Hackett; but Mr. Pateman's Hackett is the most effective piece of acting in the play. It is, no doubt, melodramatic, but that is the key of the situation, in which he is the prominent factor. The scenery, painted by Messrs. Hemsley, Harford, Banks and Tyars, comprises no fewer than fourteen changes, most of which are picturesque, while some are triumphs of scenic illusion.

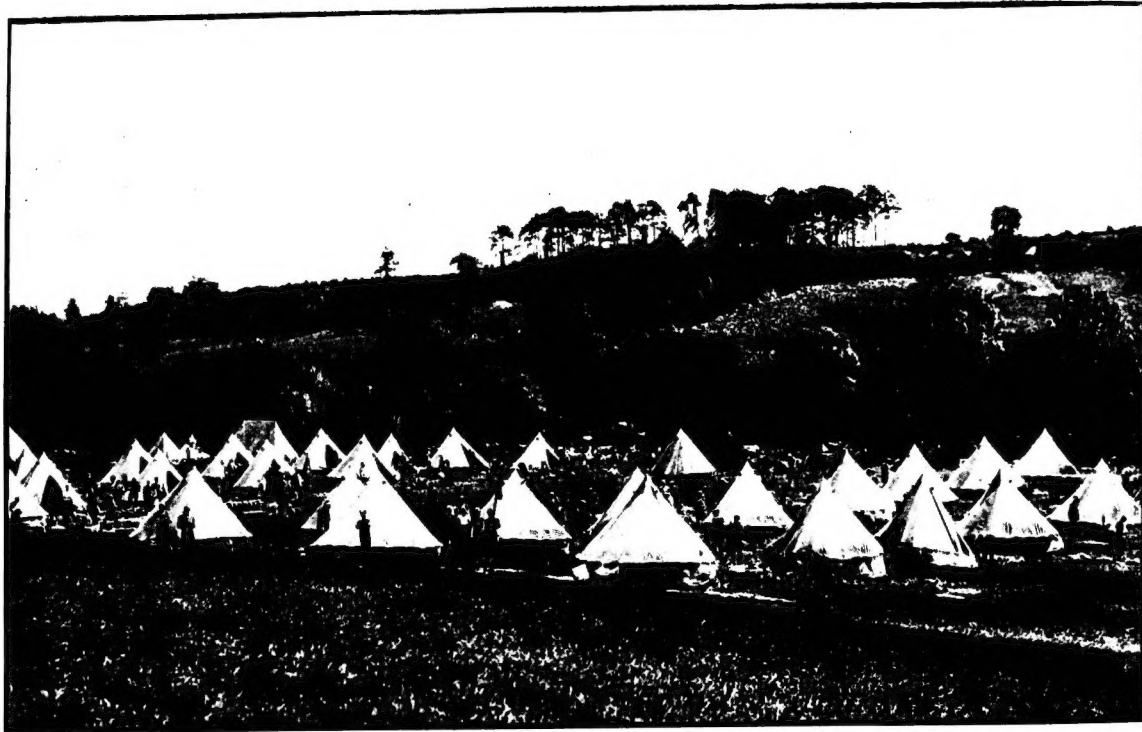
The busy note of preparation is to be heard just now in more than one West End theatre whose doors are temporarily closed, and in none more loudly than in HER MAJESTY'S, where the forthcoming revival of *King John*, which is to rival the recent revival here of *Julius Caesar*, is rapidly shaping itself. Mr. Tree, of course, plays the King, Mr. Lewis Waller the Bastard, Mr. McLeay Hubert, Master Sefton Prince Arthur, Mr. William Mollison King Philip, Mr. Louis Calvert Cardinal Pandolph, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) Queen Elinor, Miss Lettice Fairfax Blanche of Spain, Miss Helen Ferrers Lady Faulconbridge, and Miss Julia Neilson Queen Constance.

Simultaneously with the news that the roof garden which is a feature of Mr. Charles Wyndham's handsome new theatre in Charing Cross Road is to be a mere lounge under glass for use during the entr'acts, it is rather tantalising to learn that the best performance now to be seen in New York is given on the Madison Square roof, which is said to be the coolest spot in the city. Our climate is no doubt more variable and our atmosphere more smoky; but it is a pity that the experiment of a real roof garden entertainment in London cannot be tried. The Madison Square roof garden is open during the heats not only every night but also on Sunday evenings, when a sacred concert is given "with the Vaudeville features"—whatever that may mean.

Mr. Charles Wyndham, by the way, will herald the opening of his new playhouse by a dinner to be followed by a reception at the Hotel Cecil on the Sunday preceding that event. It will be a great gathering of friends and patrons of the drama, and may be expected in the early days of October.

## The Irish Manœuvres

THE manœuvres in Ireland which have just come to a conclusion have been exceedingly instructive and interesting. Lord Roberts, who directed the operations, is a keen critic. When each evening he published a narrative of the operations of the day, the mistakes were pointed out with such consideration for the feelings of officers concerned that no one felt aggrieved, and the perfect fairness of his decisions was generally acknowledged. The two armies which have been operating have been pitted against each other day after day. Major-General McCalmont commanded the Southern or Blue Force, and Major-General Combe the Northern or Red Force. The manœuvres have taken place in the district between the Curragh and Thurles, where Queen's County and County Kilkenny join. The Red Force, which started from the Curragh, numbered 5,250 men of all ranks, with 1,100 horses and sixteen guns; while the Blue, which collected at Thurles, numbered about 3,480, with 1,150 horses and sixteen guns. One of our illustrations (which are from photographs by P. Charleton and Son, Newbridge) shows the camp of the 2nd Cheshire Regiment at Aharney. The Cheshires, it will be remembered, were struck by lightning while marching to Thurles to join the Blue Force. The other illustration represents the artillery of the Blue Force watering their horses in Durrow Park, Queen's County, a very picturesque spot.



THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT'S CAMP AT AHARNEY, CO. KILKENNY

### THE IRISH MANŒUVRES

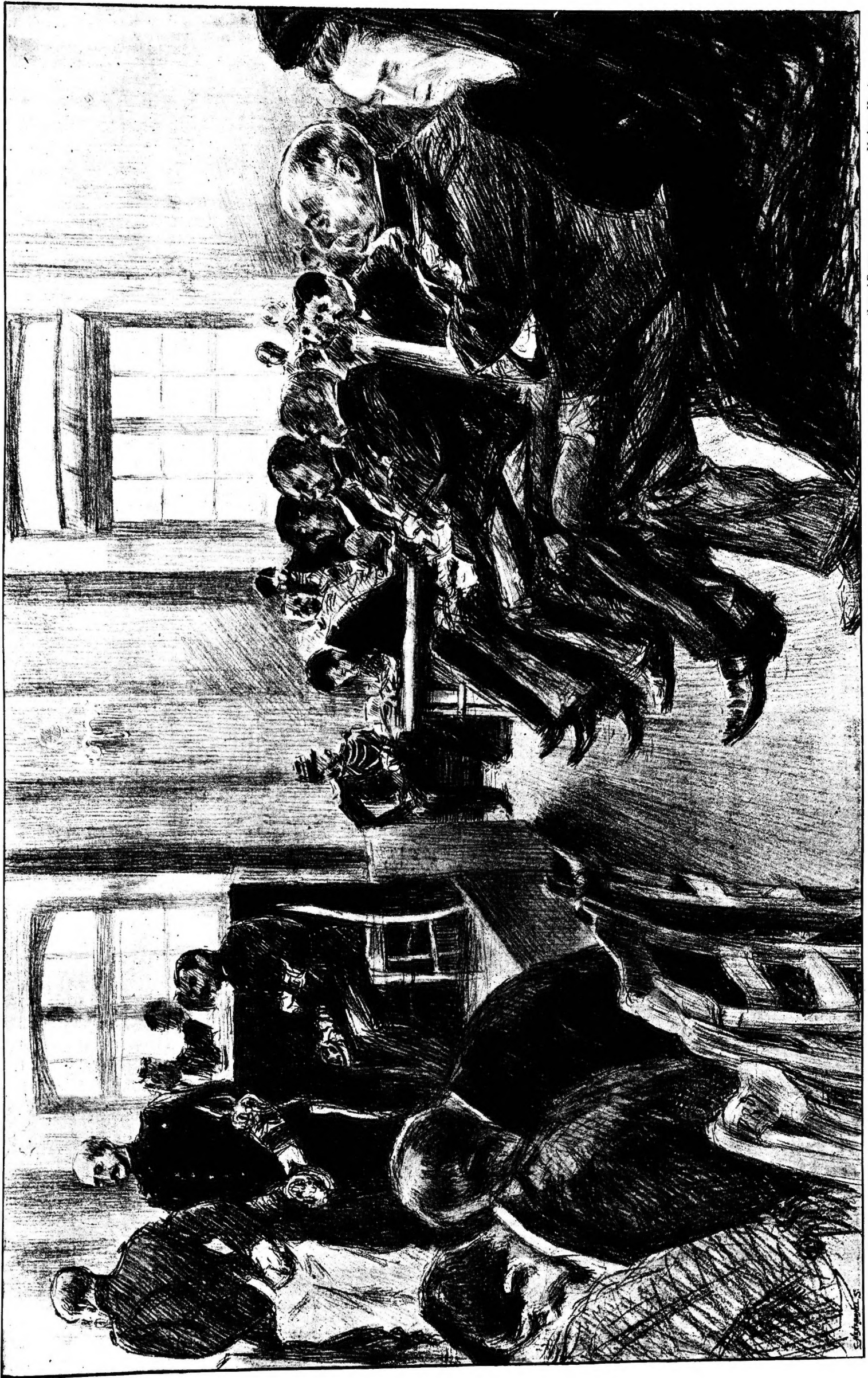


ARTILLERY WATERING HORSES AT DURROW PARK, QUEEN'S COUNTY

### THE IRISH MANŒUVRES



General de Boisdeffre    Captain Dreyfus    General Mercier    General Zurlinden    General Billot    Colonel Picquart



Official Shorthand Writers

The evidence of General de Boisdeffre was followed with the utmost attention by every one in the Court, especially by the Judges. At the conclusion of his statement the President asked Captain Dreyfus if he had anything to say. The accused rose, and said, "I have nothing to say to General de Boisdeffre," and thereon immediately resumed his seat.

THE DREYFUS TRIAL AT RENNES: GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT AT THE CLOSE OF GENERAL DE BOISDEFFRE'S EVIDENCE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOUARD

General Rogot

Madame Henri





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

THE FÊTE IN THE GROUNDS: THE PROCESSION OF LADY CYCLISTS BEFORE HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CARISBROOKE CASTLE





"You hear this!" exclaimed Jane in a tone of triumph, springing from her chair, and going before Rattenbury. "You hear this! you—you who dared to say that she had betrayed you. She betray! She has, on the contrary, been the saving of your band. I am glad that you lie thus, stricken down, judged by God for what you said!"

## WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

### CHAPTER XVII.

J. H.

At the same moment, as Jane was on the threshold and about to shut the door behind her, Winefred appeared, but Winefred so covered with soil, so be-chalked, as to be hardly recognisable. Yet Jane knew her at once.

In the conflict of emotion in her heart the shock was too great. She reeled and caught the doorposts, and stood speechless, her mouth open—staring.

"Mother! have you missed me?"

Jane was unable to answer. She gasped for breath.

Behind Winefred was a young man.

"Mother, have you been frightened?"

Then, still speechless, Mrs. Marley pointed to the figure on the floor.

Instantly, with an exclamation, the young man dashed past her, and knelt by the prostrate captain.

Jane's head was dazed. For a moment the earth spun round, and a blue cloud rose and enveloped her. She would have fallen had not her daughter caught and sustained her.

Winefred led her within to a seat, and as Jane entered she shrank from the captain. She put her hands before her eyes and remained breathing hard and trembling in every limb. After a while she withdrew her hands, looked at the young man, and asked, "Who is that?"

"It is Jack—Jack Rattenbury," answered Winefred, who still had her arm about her mother, afraid lest she should slip down in a faint.

Jane remained silent and motionless for a minute, then with a

sharp turn of the body shook herself together, rallied her senses, and said, "Run, run for a doctor—I had been out searching for you, Winnie, and when I came back I found him thus."

Jack stooped over his father, endeavouring to get him to speak, but although old Rattenbury's eyes rested on him, and his mouth moved, he was unable to articulate words.

"He has had a fit," said Mrs. Marley, as she stood up, almost herself again. "If you are Jack, help me to carry him to bed. I have tried to lift him, but have failed. I had not the strength; he is a heavy man."

"No, mother," said Winefred, "Jack and I will do that. You are too shaken."

"Yes," said the young man, rising, "that is the proper thing to be done. But lest he should suffer from cold, and there is no fire-place in another room, we will have a bed moved in here."

Winefred now removed her arm from encircling her mother, and the three proceeded to make the stricken man as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Then said Jane again, "Run for a doctor. He must let blood. It is the right thing to be done in such a case. Do you go, Jack, and Winefred and I will attend to your father till your return."

Jack once more bent over the captain, took his hand and spoke to him, and again Job Rattenbury laboured ineffectually to utter some words. At the same time his eyes turned to the wardrobe.

"I cannot catch his meaning," said Jack. "There is something on his mind, something he is most desirous to communicate. Can you guess at his meaning, Mrs. Marley?"

"No," answered Jane, compressing her lips. "You are wasting precious time, and risking the loss of his life to dally thus. Go for the surgeon at once; he must breathe a vein."

The young man nodded, looked at his father, and left.

When he was gone, Jane turned to her daughter. "It is in vain. No doctor can mend him. But I am glad that the young man is away. Now"—she clutched her daughter's hands—"tell me all. Tell me where you have been—why you have been away."

"Oh mother," said Winefred, "it is a long story. Must you have it at once?"

"I must know all. Why is he—that Jack with you?"

"But for him I should not be here now."

"Why so?"

Then Winefred related her story. She told how that she had overheard the directions given by the officer of the coastguard to his man, how that, knowing that the smugglers were to be trapped, she had done her utmost to caution them and save them from plunging into the snare.

"You hear this!" exclaimed Jane in a tone of triumph, springing from her chair, and going before Rattenbury. "You hear this! you—you who dared to say that she had betrayed you. She betray! She has, on the contrary, been the saving of your band. I am glad that you lie thus, stricken down, judged by God for what you said."

"Mother," pleaded Winefred, drawing the excited woman back to her seat, "do not speak to him in that fashion. Listen to the remainder of my story."

"You do not know what he has done," said Mrs. Marley. "He came here last night, and because the guard were out, and his plans known, he would have it that you had betrayed him, and he drove me from the house. He lied when he said that you had called the preventive men about him, and now God has beaten him to the ground for saying it." Looking again at the man on the bed, she cast at him, "You—listen to what follows."

Winefred continued her story to the fall of the rock, without

interruption from her mother, who, however, at times, nervously, sympathetically gripped her hands, and throughout with eager eyes looked into the face of her child, trembling and breathless to hear the sequel.

"And then?" she asked, when Winefred paused.

"Well, mother, after Jack Rattenbury left, so he has told me, he walked along the beach, but he felt uneasy at having left me behind and alone, partly on account of the gaugers being about, and angry at having lost their prey, and partly because of the crumbling and fall of the rock; so when he came with the rest of the men opposite the Chessil Bank, he would not cross over with them, but turned back and retraced his steps till he came to the place where the rift had been formed. But by this time it was quite dark, for the moon was down. On reaching the chasm he could see no lantern, nor hear a sound; he was afraid to call out lest he should draw attention from the men who were about on the cliffs, and were drawing together as if they had a scent. Then he went along the beach, but saw nothing, and he did not well know what to do. He could not ascend by the path lest he ran into the arms of the coast-guard, so he turned and went back again. He thought he heard voices aloft, but was not sure. He did not like to go home—I mean to Beer—without some knowledge of what had happened to me."

"Go on."

"Then at last the dawn came, and he returned to the cleft, and he saw that there had been a fall of rock, not very great, yet there certainly had been one, for the mouth of the cavern was hidden. He clambered over the rubbish and called."

"And you answered?"

"Mother, it was like this. I had fainted. I do not know how long I lay insensible—I do not know whether it were a real faint or I slept—when I came round, came to know anything—then I saw something like a star, just a little point of light. Mother, if I had not seen that little star, I do not think I should ever have come to my senses again, but have gone dazed, or slept or fainted off again into endless night. But when I saw that pinpoint—it was no more—then my mind and my life came back again to me; and I began to think and to remember, and I knew what had happened, and was able to consider what should be done. I guessed that the star was just one little bit of opening left that had not been covered. I daresay when the rock fell it was covered, but the heap sank and let this tiny hole appear. Through it came the light and the sweet morning air. I scrambled towards it, and then, just then, I heard him call, and I cried in reply. He heard me, and I tore away with my hands at the soil on one side, and he cleared away without as fast as he could. We were like a pair of rabbits. At length an opening was made through which I could wriggle like a worm. Look at my hands——"

Her mother clasped her to her heart. She could not speak.

"But," said Jane after a long pause, "you could have escaped without him."

"Yes, perhaps, but not so soon. Then Jack and I built up the entrance, so that none might find it till such time as he could come by night and flit all the goods away. He came on with me here." Winefred looked towards the bed, "I suppose the excitement of the night has been too much for the captain. And oh! mother, it nearly killed you. You did seem frightened and ready to fall when I came upon you at the door. Mother, dear, I do not like the way his eyes watch us. Do let me put up a screen."

"He cannot hurt you now." Then, starting up, "But, Winefred, you have not had anything to eat." She looked at the clock; it had stopped. "I do not know the hour."

"That I can give," said the girl. She went into her bedroom, if so the recess could be called under the stair, and produced the watch that had been left by her beneath her pillow.

Her mother stared at the gold timepiece.

"How come you by that?"

"It was given to me, mother."

"Who gave it you?" asked Jane, as she snatched the watch to her and turned it about. There was some enamelling on the back in blue and white.

"A gentleman gave it me. I should have told you before. Indeed, I intended to tell you yesterday, but you were in an ill-humour, and so I waited, and then the chance passed."

"I have seen this watch before. I know it well," said Jane in a muffled voice. Again a sense of giddiness came upon her. So much had occurred, such a rush of strange events had passed over her, such a storm of various emotions had torn her, that she hardly knew what was happening now, or was likely to happen next.

"There was a gentleman who came to me yesterday on the beach when I was picking up pebbles. He had very curled whiskers, and was sprucely dressed. He wore a fine hat and a green coat. He gave me the watch."

"Did he say anything to you?" asked Jane in the same low, suppressed tone. She held the watch in her hand and turned it about.

"Yes, he spoke of you, mother; he continued asking about you, and what you were doing, and where you had been. He was strange in his manner."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No, but there are initials on the case, J. H."

"It surely must be he!" said Mrs. Marley. "He would at one time have given me the watch—it is the same; but I could not read the hours then; I have learned that since. It is he. Why did he not come to see me? Did he say he would do that?"

"No, mother, he was in a hurry."

"Where was he going?"

"He did not say."

"Tell me—tell me something more. What was he like? I do not mean his hat and his coat."

"He was a rather handsome man, but he had hardly any chin, and that spoiled his face; and he was for ever fumbling with something, generally with a key; and he blew down it, and turned it about at the end of his tongue. But when he spoke of you I thought he was going to cry."

"It was he," said Jane, and she knitted her hands together about the watch on her lap.

"Who, mother?"

"Child—you met your father."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### DECLARATION OF WAR.

As soon as Winefred had eaten something, had changed her dress, and cleaned her face and hands of the soil that had adhered to them, Mrs. Marley despatched her to Bindon to inform Mrs. Jose of what had occurred. The farmer's wife was so kind-hearted that Jane knew that she might calculate on receiving prompt assistance from her.

When the girl had departed on her errand, Jane sat brooding with her eyes on the floor. Occasionally she looked at the man extended in the bed, but his eyes were now shut, and he seemed to be asleep; consequently her services were not in immediate requisition, and she was free to think over what had taken place. But her mind was in a turmoil, and she was incapable of arresting the successive pictures, fancies that whirled around in her head, to consider one apart from the rest.

To think clearly is not given to all. By some it is acquired through education, but to others education aggravates the confusion. A totally ignorant person with a limited range of ideas is accordingly often a far more valuable member of the community than one whose head is a ragbag stuffed with odds and ends, new and old, uncoordinated. Nature has not furnished every brain with nests of boxes into which to sort its ideas; but education of a proper sort should be directed to the inculcation of mental tidiness, and not to the accumulation of articles which serve only to make the confusion worse confounded.

Herein is the radical defect of our national educational system. We stuff our children's brains with facts more or less valuable, many of no importance whatever—the height of Chimborazo, the number of gallons of water rolled down by the Mississippi, the population of Timbuctoo, but make no attempt to cultivate observation, and develop the reasoning powers. A Scotch child's mind is made to digest what is put into it, that of an English child only to gorge facts. Therefore, in the race of life, he is left behind; he lies his length sleeping off his surfeit, whilst the Scotchman steps into and walks off in his shoes.

Jane was suneducated; a woman of strong feelings and few ideas, who was accustomed to be governed by one thought at a time. Now her contracted mind was in a turmoil with the crowding in of many and diverse thoughts—the reappearance of her husband or betrayer, whichever he was; the wrong done to her by the captain, as shown by Oliver Dench; the peril of life in which her child had been placed; the discovery of Rattenbury's hoarded gains; the stroke that had cast him speechless and powerless before her, at the moment of discovery; all these matters mingled and entangled themselves in her mind inextricably. She strove hard to fix her attention on one subject only, but at once another started up to claim consideration.

As she thus sat, the door opened and the ferryman entered.

"Hey, Jane! So the captain is down. Just heard the tidings from his son. How came that about? Had a brush with the sharks? They have been about in the night, I hear. Where is he?"

Jane pointed, and Oliver went to the bedside, called to the sick man, and said, "How came this about, Captain? I saw Jack, but he was in such a vast hurry he could tell me no particulars, so I came up to learn them myself, and to see if I could be helpful. Don't be down-hearted. You will pull through. How came you hurt? A knock over the head?"

The stricken man opened his eyes.

"Come, give an old mate a word," said Dench.

"He cannot speak," Jane explained. "He has not spoken since he fell. Jack has gone for a surgeon to let blood."

"A stroke is it, and not from a cutlass," said the ferryman.

"Who would have expected that, old man? On my soul, I thought you would never have come to an end like this, like a sick cat before the fire. But it is a queer business, too. I reckon they thought to have you fast. By my liver, I am inclined to think it is shammed, so as to throw the enemy off the scent."

He looked intently at Rattenbury, and satisfied himself that the man really was ill. Then he turned himself abruptly about, came before Jane, and said in a low tone, "He is tricky as a fox, but there is no deceit here. His game is played. How came this about?"

"I was away at Bindon. When I returned he lay his length on the floor."

"He will not speak again till he chirps Alleluja in kingdom come," said the ferryman. "Let the surgeon do his best he cannot pull him round. I am glad Jack is gone. That leaves the house clear for an hour. Jane, I spoke with you the other day about sharing, and you would not hearken. The chance has come again, as though offered by an auctioneer, so that hearken and consent you must, unless you are a bigger fool than I take you to be. We have a clear hour before us."

"Winefred has gone for Mrs. Jose," said Jane, with a flutter of alarm at her heart.

"Then we have but half an hour at our disposal. In that half-hour we must discover where the captain has hidden his money."

"I will be no sharer with you."

"Oh so! You would have it all to yourself! That will not answer."

"Leave the house; you have no right to be here," said Jane Marley.

"Eh!" mocked Dench. "You give orders as though you were mistress; orders you have no power to enforce."

"Jack Rattenbury shall know of this."

"Let him know." He stood mustering the room with his eyes.

"I shall improve my mind a bit. Jane, be advised and offer no opposition. I tell you we are in the same boat. We have both been cheated. I want no more than is my due. I am an honest man, and I diddle nobody—but then I don't choose to be diddled myself—and if you have spirit you will be of the same mind. We will leave a third for Jack, and divide the rest between ourselves. I shall search the house if need be, whether you like it or no."

He had spoken in a low tone to Mrs. Marley. Now he went to the side of Job Rattenbury, and said aloud, as though addressing one who was deaf: "Mate, we have been old friends for over a score of years. You can trust me. Your time is not long, and you know it. You desire to say something, and cannot fashion your mouth to the words. You would tell me your last wishes, and how

I am to dispose of your property, and where your cash is stowed. What do you say, governor? You will trust me. That is as it should be. Try your hand, hold out your flapper to show that you comprehend me."

The paralysed man made an effort to extend his arm.

"That is brave. You can use your fingers. What say you to writing your wishes? But, understand, mate, you must say first where your money is, and then, in due course, how you would dispose of it. I will bring you a slate; there is one hanging there by the chimney-breast, I will hold it before you, and you shall scribble thereon what you like. I ask for no copyhand. Rely on me. I can keep counsel."

He brought the slate, and, seating himself on the bed, placed the pencil that was attached to the slate in the sick man's hand.

Captain Rattenbury had his faculties now, he clearly comprehended what was desired of him, and he made an effort to respond. He held the pencil awkwardly between his fingers, and began to write.

"That is fine," said Oliver. "I can read that. *I*, capital *I*. Go along, governor."

Again the pencil moved.

"Yes—right enough, *I*. What comes next? So it is, an *E*."

The sick man paused. The pencil had slipped between the wrong fingers, and required readjusting. Dench placed it again between thumb and forefinger.

Jane looked on uneasily.

"Right, old mate, an *A*. What follows *FEA*? So! an *R*. You fear! Come, now, what do you fear? Is it Death?"

Job Rattenbury turned his eyes in the direction of Mrs. Marley. Then with clumsy, shaking hand he made a scrawl.

"I can not decipher that. It is like a spider. Try again, old man. Ah! *J*, is it? What next?"

Again the pencil scratched.

"An *A* now. *I fear Ja*—Come, finish."

But the captain's powers were exhausted, the pencil fell, and the hand after it.

In vain did Dench replace it, the fingers could no longer clutch nor direct it. Rattenbury made painful attempts, but all failed.

"No good," said Oliver at last; "and, drat it! there does not seem to be much daylight in what he has written. Jane, can you make anything out of it?"

She vouchsafed no reply but looked towards the door.

"Ah!" said the boatman, "expecting some from Bindon, are you? Then no time is to be lost."

He took the captain's clothes and examined them. "No keys! That tells something. But what have we here? A bag of gold."

"Leave it," said Jane; "thief that you are. Jack knows of this. Take it at your peril."

"I hope to find more than this," said Oliver. "I shall look upstairs first."

"Stay," exclaimed the woman, springing to her feet. "You shall not search. The preventive men have been here already and have looked into every corner and probed every wall. They found nothing."

Oliver laughed. "They hunted after kegs of brandy, looked for large hiding-places. I know better than to do that. There will be none such here."

"You shall not go," said Jane, and attempted to intercept him.

"Beware how you interfere with me," threatened Dench. "The captain can't speak, and I shall make sure that you do not if you interfere with me in my work. Jane, be reasonable. What I want is my own money. I do not intend to take anything that by right should belong to you and your Winefred. We have both been pillaged by this man! Hands off! Let me pass!"

It was not possible to oppose him. He was the stronger of the two. He mounted a few steps, then descended again.

"A staircase," said he, "is a rare hiding-place, I must try every step."

He examined each riser and footpace, but fruitlessly; then Jane heard him ransacking the chamber overhead. This engaged him for some time. He clearly believed that Captain Job had concealed the money in his bedroom, and he left no corner unexplored. Presently, dissatisfied with the result, angry and impatient, he descended, lighted a candle and mounted again to search a recess he had discovered in the roof, formed by a set-off from the chimney.

But this also was disappointing. He came down once more, blew out the candle and replaced it in the brass holder on the mantel-shelf.

"No," said he contemplatively, "there is nothing aloft. Not a box there, not a drawer is locked, and I have overhauled all the bunks. No keys in his pocket. He is deep."

He planted himself in a chair, placed his elbows on his knees, and set his chin in his hands. His cunning, wicked eyes roved about the room.

"Dang it, Jane," said he, "it is somewhere. He is not the man to bury his money in a bank. Besides, had he done that there would have been a pass-book. I have not found one anywhere. I have looked into every chest and turned out every drawer, and poked into every nook upstairs. This room is not ceiled or I would have said there was a place between the planks and plaster. But that cannot be. Now I'll rummage the inner room."

"That has been mine," said Jane. "And that hole under the stair is where my Winney has slept."

"It is more like to be in the kitchen," said Dench. "He would not trust it where a woman made her layer. But if here, it will not be where anyone else would make a hiding-place, as beneath the hearthstone or up the chimney, nor under the floor. It is certain to be in the very last place that would occur to any other man but he."

He went to the clockcase.

"This is not going. Is there aught stops the works?"

"The clock has run down," said Jane Marley.

She was uneasy, fearing lest he should find the hiding-place, but she did not allow her feelings to transpire. She assumed a sulky mood.

He turned to the window and lifted the lid of the seat. "There is a box here."

"Yes—a box."

"He keeps his grog here; and where his grog is there his money will not be. Too many itching fingers go after the bottle of spirits to make that safe."

He tapped a bit of wainscot, but it sounded dead.



"There are shutters," mused he; "what does a man in a cottage want with folding shutters? As well expect to meet with a pier-glass. They hide something. Excuse me, Jane, if I darken the room whilst I look."

Still his search was without result.

"I am hanged," growled he. "But, ha! there is still the wardrobe left."

He crossed the room to the closet beside the fire.

Jane's heart rose into her mouth.

Dench threw open one of the doors. He hesitated a moment about unbolting the other valve; did not do so, but groped in the pockets of the dresses that were there suspended in double range; he was disappointed in those he searched. Then he unhasped the second valve, and closed the first, that he might submit the rest of the clothes to the same search. Had he looked over his shoulder, he would have seen a light spring into Jane's eyes.

"By my liver," said Dench to himself, "I did suppose that I should find he used his wife's old rags as his bank."

He drew some of them aside, and laughed contemptuously. "See—those fellows who have been before me have riddled the backboards with gimlet holes. By Moses!"—he started back and shut the door.

What alarmed him and interrupted him in his search was the passing before the window of Mrs. Jose and Winefred. When they entered he was standing beside the bed of Captain Job, with a look of commiseration on his face.

"Drat it," said Oliver, "it may be womanly, but I can't help it, only a man does not care for females to witness his condition." He wiped his eyes. "Just come to take a farewell of my old mate. Not long for this vale of tears. But we mustn't repine, must we, Mrs. Jose? Scripture—"

Mrs. Jose did not regard the ferryman. She pushed past him. He was no favourite of the farmer's wife. Moreover, Oliver was at a loss how to finish his sentence. He was not primed with texts.

Mrs. Jose went at once to the side of the sick man.

Dench took occasion to draw back, and nudging Jane Marley, he said in an undertone, "A word outside with you."

She hung back.

"I must have it," said he behind his hand. "It is of serious importance."

After a little further hesitation she yielded, and accompanied him without.

He conducted her a few paces from the cottage to a spot that was not overlooked, and which was beyond earshot. Then, turning upon her in a threatening tone, and with a menacing action, he said, "Jane, I have been bawled, but it is there. It is certainly there. But he is deep, deep as hell. Find it, and I shall make it worth your while to confide in me. It is the strictly right, square, and honest thing I want to do, that the poor devil may have rest for his soul where he is going. You would like to have peace of mind on your deathbed, and it is a Christian duty in us to redress a great wrong he has committed, so that he may have a happy death. He robbed your father, your brother, you, and your child, and he has robbed me. All I seek is to do what is right and take what is properly mine, and give you what properly belongs to you. Make me your friend and not your enemy."

"A friend," said Jane contemptuously. "Of what value to me would be the friendship of a man who steals from his friend when that friend is unable to lift a finger to protect himself?"

"Steals! Steals!" echoed Dench; "you take advantage of me as being a woman. I would reclaim only what is mine own, and that for the benefit of his soul. Beware lest you get hold of anything without taking me into partnership."

"I do not fear you—bully as you are," said Jane, "for I know enough to make you shake before me."

He laughed scornfully.

"What do you know?"

"Tell me this, Oliver Dench. What happens when a man has betrayed his mates?"

The colour deserted his cheeks.

"You have said enough to let me see that it was you who gave information. I have but to speak the word to David Nutall."

"Come, Jane, let us be friends."

"No."

He remained silent for fully a minute.

"Enemies then?" he asked at length, in a voice little raised above a whisper.

"Enemies if you will. Friends never."

(To be continued)

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THOUGH few people have the courage to say so, there is but little doubt that poetry in the present day is unpopular. Possibly it would be more popular if poets would select more interesting themes for their verses. Poets are very obstinate sort of persons and refuse to listen to advice. They seldom give us any novelty of subject, they are always too lengthy in their treatment, and then they wonder they are not read: hence it comes to pass that most poetry is looked upon as a bore. Why cannot they trouble themselves to find fresh subjects and treat the same crisply and tersely and at reasonable length? There is no difficulty whatever about this. The other day I was waiting at Kemble Junction, on the Great Western Railway, and I saw an engine with a row of ten tenders, all having their tanks filled with

Don't you think these four lines are absolutely masterly? Do you observe the artful way local colour has been introduced? Surely never has a locomotive been more tersely and more poetically described than as a "grim gorgon girdled in green," and no one has ever so successfully pictured the sullen swing of water conveyed by rail in a tank as may be found in the matchless line "solemnly slumping to Swindon." It is absolutely superb! Don't you think the Great Western Railway Company should at once appoint me Laureate of the Line? Should they, in the sacred cause of poesy, be so absolutely regardless of the interests of their shareholders, I shall be happy to complete my great poem, "The Water Train," on the shortest notice.

"Look out below, says the great bell of Bow!" might now be sung as a new version of the old nursery rhyme. Indeed it would be especially appropriate now that the fine old church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, is said to be in a somewhat dangerous condition. According to the *City Press*, in addition to ominous cracks in various directions, "at the base of the tower there is a lurch of about 7 inches—which means, it is said, an incline of about 2 feet at the spire." If the measurement with regard to the base be correct, I should have thought that the incline at the spire would have been greater. But any way, it is sufficient to give the crowds which daily pass below Sir Christopher Wren's fine structure cause for considerable alarm, and it is to be hoped no time will be lost in taking measures to prevent further dilapidations. In such cases every day, indeed every hour, is of consequence. I own I am not surprised at the catastrophe. Some two or three years ago I prophesied in this column what would take place with regard to Saint Paul's, other churches, and public buildings if the conversion of subterranean London into a gigantic rabbit-warren were permitted. Since then we have had innumerable warnings, and it is to be hoped this latest and most significant instance will put a stop to any further endangering of the safety of our city by tunnelling beneath it. Personally, I have a great affection for the latest church in danger, for I knew it very well in days gone by.

My remarks with regard to the want of politeness amid the travellers of the present day have brought me an immense amount of correspondence, whence I gather that what may be called the "railway manners" of modern times are anything but Grandisonian. With regard to the securing of seats by placing property upon them I have had my attention called to a case which was decided by Judge Emden at the Tunbridge Wells County Court last January, concerning which an obliging correspondent is good enough to send me a leaderette on the case from *Law Notes*. In the course of this may be read: "His Honour, in giving judgment, held that there was obvious necessity for passengers occasionally to leave their seats, and that the question remained as to whether the passenger who quitted the seat had left upon it sufficient indication of prior possession. He considered the papers, umbrella and bag amply sufficient, and found further that their owner was entitled to use reasonable force to regain his seat. . . . So we have it now on judicial authority that by custom a traveller has a legal right to his seat." This decision cannot be too widely known, but it would be quite as well for all railway companies to enact a by-law on the subject, and instruct their officials to see that it is carried out.

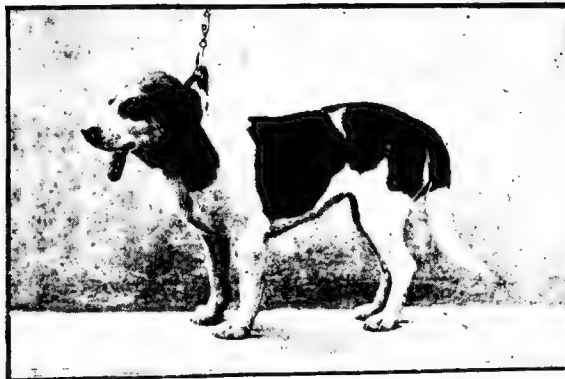
The cynic who declared that whenever he saw a new book announced he bought an old one, must have had a high old time during the last year or two, in addition to saving a good deal of money. The publication of the best works of the great novelists of the Sixties at sixpence must be a serious rivalry to the writers of the moment. I have been travelling about a good deal lately, and have bought little else than the volumes alluded to. And though I have long ago read the works in question, I have been absolutely surprised how well they will bear re-reading, and to find what art and finish, what thought and interest, the novelists of the Sixties put into their books. I have also been amazed to see what ample return you got for your money—even at the original cost—and to find how very little of each story you felt compelled to skip. I should be glad, however, if the publishers of the aforesaid volumes—to whom I feel under great obligation—would cause to be placed on the title page of each story the date of its original publication. Many of these stories refer to customs and fashions of their own period—which have now entirely vanished—and it would make it doubly interesting if the approximate date could be clearly indicated.



JUDGIN: THE BORZOIS

water for the supply of Swindon. I was informed that sometimes this supply amounted to 300,000 gallons a day. As I watched the tanks being filled up by the apparently inexhaustible, splashing stream, I thought what a good subject "The Water Train" would make for a poem. Listen to this!

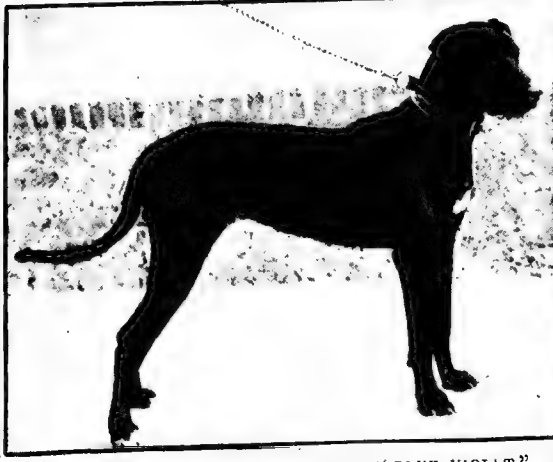
Grim gorgon girdled in green, merrily making for Minety—  
Big, boiling, bounded in brass, pompously puffing to Purton!  
Ten tenders, tankful and tired, torridly toiling from Kemble;  
Sweet surfeit of sparkling spring—solemnly slumping to Swindon!



MRS. OUGHTON GILES'S BEAGLE "TOTTEIDGE HARMONY"  
(First Prize Open Class)



MR. G. R. MURRELL'S BULLDOG  
"PRINCE ALBERT"  
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(First Prize Open Class and First Prize Limit Class)



MR. F. B. WILLIAMS'S SUSSEX SPANIEL  
"TAFFY"  
(First Prize Open Class)

KENT COUNTY DOG SHOW AT MARGATE: SOME OF THE PRIZE WINNERS

From Photographs by the Kitchener Portrait Co., Farringdon Avenue

### Our Photographic Supplement.—III.

It is a common mistake with beginners to assume that actual sunshine is necessary for success in photography. For certain subjects it is certainly desirable that the sun should be in evidence, but for a great number a grey day, such as is beloved by painters, is far preferable. In order to get what are called "instantaneous" pictures of horse races, athletic sports and the like, where the apparatus must be set to work at, say, 1-300th part of a second, the sun cannot be too scorching in its beams; for street scenes a bright cloudy day is preferable, for the shady side of the pavement is, under such conditions, better lighted; while for lake scenery, where we want to secure some detail in the surrounding hills, a dull day gives the best results. There are two pictures in the current Supplement which will illustrate this fact with regard to lake scenery, one being the open view of Ennerdale, by Mr. J. Redhead, which has won a three guinea prize, and the other, taken at Gudevangen by the Rev. R. C. Macleod, where the modelling of the mountains is very beautifully shown. We may assume that in both these instances actual sunlight, while, perhaps, accentuating the light and shade of the foreground, would at the same time have filled the middle distance with a luminous mist which would have proved impenetrable to the lens.

A country road of the familiar English type, overarched with elms, perhaps never looks so well in a photograph as when its details are picked out with hoar frost. The reason is obvious:



M. OCTAVE MIRBEAU, A STAUNCH SUPPORTER OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS

Nature has removed her coat of many colours, and has arrayed herself for the nonce in black, white and grey—as if for the express purpose of removing all difficulties from the camera man's path. A fine example of this class of work is Mr. F. H. Gardner's "Hoar Frost," which we reproduce among the prize winners. This, unfortunately, is one of those subjects which suffer severely in their translation in printing ink, the delicate silvery lights being almost impossible of preservation.

The "View of Ice Flowers at St. Moritz" is a remarkable picture by one of our most experienced Alpine photographers, Mrs. Main, who has won honours at many photographic exhibitions. Mrs. Main has the advantage of an intimate knowledge of this type of scenery, and of often being on the spot to seize evanescent effects. Her picture of ice flowers is both curious and beautiful, and would have delighted the heart of Professor Tyndall, who would have been only too glad to secure it as an illustration for his Alpine book, "The Forms of Water." Another mountain study of a different kind, "The Aiguille du Plat," by Mr. Sydney Spencer, deserves a word of commendation, not only for its intrinsic merits, which are great, but because it affords evidence that the camera was carried to risky places in order to secure it.

The difficulty of making a photographic picture tell its own story satisfactorily is illustrated by Mr. J. E. Allen's "Very Sly." Mr. Allen is probably a beginner, and when he has gathered a little experience will be more particular in his choice of background. The long length of white paling is most destructive to the harmony of the composition, and the picture



MAJOR FORZINETTI, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF THE CHERCHE MIDI PRISON



M. BERTULUS, JUGE D'INSTRUCTION, WHO RECEIVED COLONEL HENRY'S DEPOSITION

### THE COURT-MARTIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: INTERESTED SPECTATORS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAUL RENOARD



would be improved by cutting about half of it away. A very nice bit of natural background is that found in "Sticks for Mother's Fire," to which we have awarded a prize. The picture would have been nearly perfect if the little boy had taken hold of the woman's dress and looked up in her face. As it is, there is a want of movement in both mother and child. Unfortunately it is far easier to point out such faults in a finished photograph than it is to avoid them at the moment of taking the picture.

It is a pity that Miss Mabel M. Thomson did not find a more suitable background for her excellent group, "Setter Puppies," but we acknowledge the great difficulty of getting exactly what is required when tackling such a difficult subject. Very possibly a better spot had been selected for the work which did not meet with the approval of the puppies. Mr. W. G. Hooper's "Looking for the Postman," is prettily conceived, and possesses all the elements of a picture, as well as being a good photograph.

## A Street Scene in Johannesburg

A JOHANNESBURG street scene has ample life and character of its own. There are streets and streets in the Rand capital, and not all of them like this are paved. In some, like Commissioner Street, the cars remind the traveller, by their whizz and whirr, of the characteristics of an up-to-date street in Canada or the States, where Mephistopheles might have said to Faust:

There is a crowding, driving  
clattering, rustling,  
There is a whizzing, twirling,  
prattling, bustling,

without waiting for Walpurgis Night. In our illustration you have Johannesburg's characteristic street life without the cars, the bicycles, or the motors, yet with plenty of variety crowded into a few yards of perspective.

Variety?—it is a marvel of modern life if you look into it. The Far East and the Far West, the North and the South, To-day and the Day B.C., jostle one another here.

Take the three vehicles. What more singular trio could be brought together than the smart modern dogcart, the battered, weather-beaten ox-wagon, and the light and novel jinricksha? The whole span of history stretches between the first two. You will remember that wagons are spoken of in the Book of Genesis. As for oxen as steeds, the ancient Egyptians used them, and from those sedate times of historical twilight we have pictures showing them even drawing Pharaoh's gig. Then your thoughts come down to Charlemagne and the Merovingians, with their bullock carts in the streets of Paris; and you remember that fifteen hundred years ago ox-drawn wagons brought the Goths to Rome. In South Africa—

Remote, unfriendly, melancholy,  
slow—

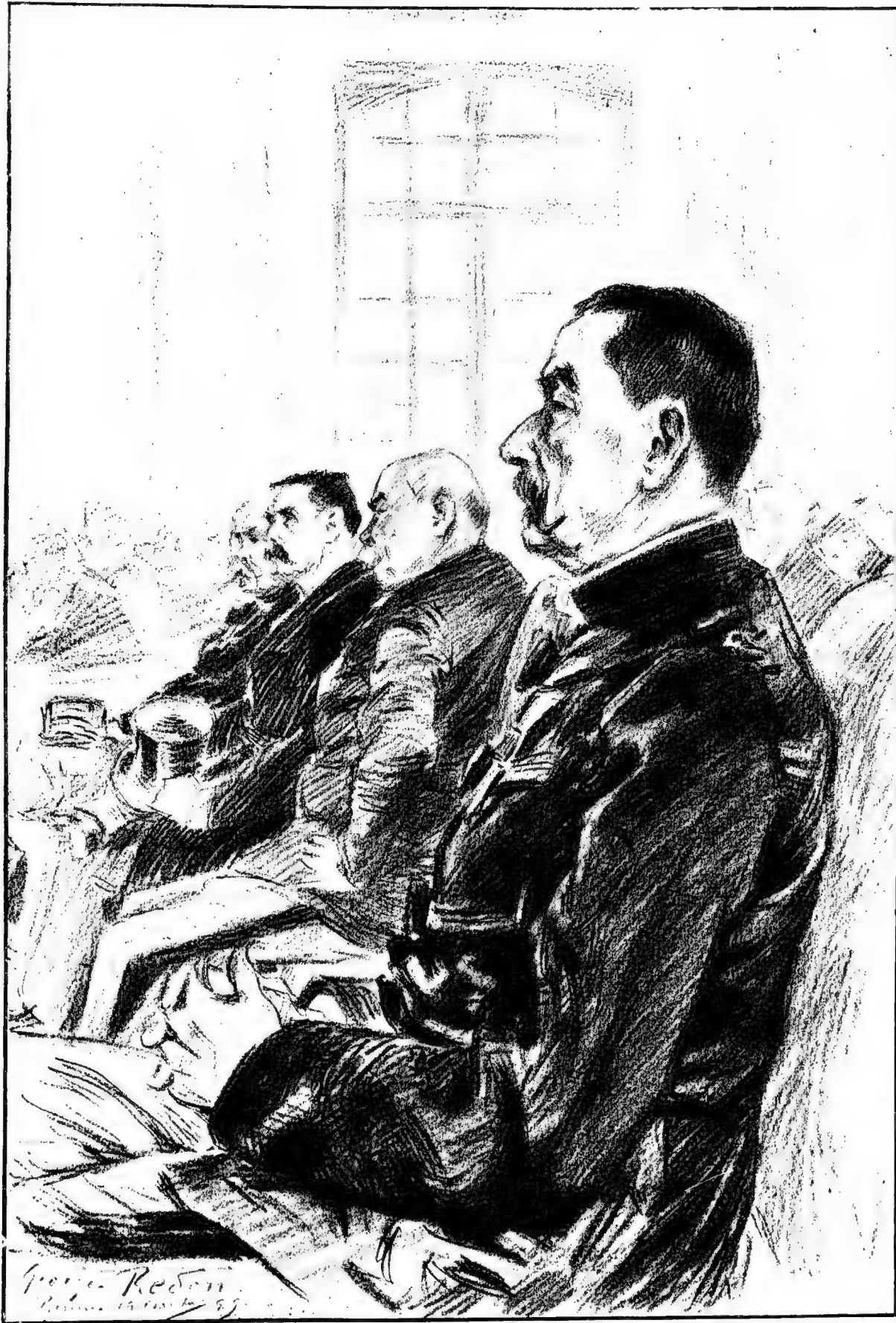
the Boer drives his long team before his wagon toilsfully and patiently under the quiet stars, moving in the cool of the night and resting in the heat of the day, until he comes to the town and outspans his lean oxen on the market square. In the picture the leaders in their rude yoke are seen well to the left, whilst the lumbering wain appears on the extreme right, conspicuous by its unshapely canvas roof. The foremost ox is led, by a leathern strap fastened to its horns, by a native lad called a *forelouter*, a sinewy Hottentot, Kaffir, or Basuto, whose unshod feet bespeak the misery of the slave. The oxen in front are tethered to a chain which drags a single shaft, or *disselboom*, attached to the wagon; and the team is driven by a Dutch or native driver, who wields a whip sometimes forty feet in length. Meeting this primitive, slow-moving vehicle, fit emblem of its half-barbarous,

slow-moving owners, you have the smart dog-cart whirled along by its fast-trotting horse, and driven by Young Lasher, who is taking the pretty Miss Gay Parisienne out for a drive to Orange Grove, Sans Souci, or up Bezindenhout's Valley. Young Lasher, you observe, thinks himself a cut above the style of the convenient, useful, and comfortable "Cape cart" of the country. As for the lady in the jinricksha, she is probably shopping, has come in from Jeppe's Town or Doornfontein by the tram, and has then availed herself of this handy eastern substitute for a hansom, drawn by a quick-moving "Kaffir." Johannesburg has its cabs like other civilised places, but a cab costs you a shilling a mile, or seven-and-sixpence an hour, whereas a jinricksha costs but sixpence a mile, or two shillings an hour.

Johannesburg one seldom sees pennies; the "tickey," *Anglic*, threepenny-bit, is the smallest coin of the State recognised in exchange and barter.

On the pavement near the lady, but too much concerned by the blue look-out of the cablegrams on "the situation" to notice her, stand a group sufficiently cosmopolitan. The gentleman in the white hat and white waistcoat, like the more free-and-easy Uitlander who confronts him, is plainly a member of the Stock Exchange; you can tell the pair by their patent leather boots if not by their button-holes and displayed handkerchiefs, and you do not need to be told that the Jews are strong financiers in Johannesburg. In this group of four men are one or two Englishmen, one American, and one Colonial. Behind the cigar-smoking American is seen the Boer owner of the incoming waggon.

On the left we have in the background another group of Uitlanders, to whom one of their number holds forth from the steps. Whether the cablegram he is flourishing contains the gist of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, or only the latest London prices from "the Kaffir Market," the reader may judge for himself. The two "banyan," or Indian pedlars, who are crossing the street, pay little heed to his harangue, and just as little is it regarded by the pair of natives, Charlie Zulu and April Kaffir, who, having just finished their term of service at the mines, have exchanged the easy freedom of blanket-covered nudity for the more conventional gear of advanced civilisation, including jockey-cap and waistcoat, blazer and girl's hat, and other finery which will enable them to play the travelled man of the world before the maidens of the kraal to which they return. If you still need proof that Johannesburg, though cosmopolitan, is fond of being deemed European, look carefully at the head-gear worn by the people on the pavement across the street, in the background of the picture: you will see smart Parisian hats, the bowler, the straw, the planter, the knockabout, the travelling cap, the cricket cap, the pith helmet, the Homburg, the flexible felt of up-country, and the hard, silk bell-topper of a misguided City. Such is the queer agglomeration of styles that shelters the frequenters of a street corner from the sun-glare in the Johannesburg of August, 1899.



General Zurlinden M. Casimir-Perier General Billot General Mercier  
THE COURT-MARTIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS AT RENNES: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL WITNESSES  
A Sketch in Court by our Special Artist, Georges Redon

Then look at the people. In the foreground a graceful and pretty lady in ordinary English summer walking dress, accompanied by her sturdy little son in straw hat and sailor suit, reminds you that this great Gold City, which has sprung up so suddenly in the heart of Africa, is already sufficiently civilised to have its respectable, self-respecting family life, its pleasant homes where wives and daughters hold gentle sway, secluded from the rougher elements of a mining community. Perhaps in London Tommy would not carry his whip when walking with mamma, but certainly the slenderness of mamma's umbrella could not be excelled in Bond Street. Very Londonish, too, is the aged pedlar of the pavement, though it would be very rash to assume that the trinkets on his tray are sold for the nimble Cheapside penny; in

horoscope of that unfortunate officer, in which the writer states as the result of his investigations, "I have for quite a year past predicted to all and sundry that December, 1898, and April-May, 1899, would be good for Dreyfus, and that in December of this year he will be vindicated. So far I have scored two out of my three points. If not restored to his family in December next, June, 1900, seems to be a happy and probable month. I do not anticipate a long life: it is this horoscope be correct the directions in force in December, 1904, seem almost to cause the great change which men call Death; in this case sudden. Let us hope not violent or self sought, for one who has endured so much should bear to the end, and not desert the battlefield on which he has borne himself with singular fortitude, for Saturn, who rules his race, symbolizes Duty and Endurance."

THE QUEEN OF ROMANIA will shortly publish her first dramatic work—a two-act comedy called *Pour une Paire de Bottines*.

DREYFUS.—A PREDICTION.—Astrology is sometimes spoken of as discredited, but it would appear that in America at least there is such a demand for astrological literature that a new magazine entitled the *Sphinx*, and devoted entirely to astrology, has been brought out by the Sphinx Publishing Company, under the editorship of Mrs. Catherine H. Thompson. One article is especially interesting at this time. It is devoted to "Dreyfus, the Scapegoat of France," and sets forth the

## The Trial of Dreyfus

THERE was a sentence in the report from Rennes of one of the many special correspondents there, which seems to sum up in a nutshell the manner in which the trial of Dreyfus is conducted. "Colonel Jouaust seems to assist those who depose against Dreyfus; but this is due to the fear of being accused by the assassin Press of favouring him." Fear! that is the word for France. Fear of war, fear of the truth, fear of the Press; always fear—moral and physical cowardice—and in the midst of it all one unfortunate man, with a few who are honest and brave on his side, being tried again after years of suffering already inflicted on him by panic-stricken generals who were afraid first of Germany and then of admitting that they have made a mistake.

Maitre Labori's return to the Court, after a quick recovery from the attempt on his life, has been the feature of the Dreyfus week so far. In his absence the generals and officials who are really conducting the cowardly prosecution of Dreyfus have had their way, for Maitre Demange, Labori's colleague for the defence, has for some reason best known to himself abstained from interrupting them or cross-examining them to any great extent. With the arrival on the scene of Roget, says one of the eye-witnesses, we beheld the most eloquent and influential adversary of Dreyfus. With a singular ease and a not less effective style of categorical affirmation, and with an adroitness and rhetorical ingenuity smacking of the methods of dialectic uniformly described as Jesuitical, he spoke for two hours in his insinuating way, not merely holding the attention of the Judges on account of his rare conversational powers, but interesting and surprising them by the insidious suggestiveness of his methods. He laid down the law. His air was that of a general who seemed to think that judgment by order belonged to the normal course of things. And, unlike any of his predecessors, he had steeled himself to meet the steady gaze of Dreyfus's eye. His manner in this regard was startling and dramatic. He stopped a dozen times in his indictment, quite leisurely poured himself out a glass of water, and, before and after quaffing it and while wiping the perspiration from his forehead, fixed Dreyfus with a steady, disdainful gaze. Dreyfus met this insolent look unflinchingly. The general was evidently trying to provoke the prisoner. He wanted a scene in court. He sought to execute Dreyfus with a look.

Madame Henry, the widow of the forger and suicide, M. Lebon, the Minister of the Colonies, General Zurlinden, General de Boisdeffre, and others whose names are famous in the *affaire*, have all been on the stand, but it cannot be said that their evidence has really borne upon the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence.

Madame Henry said that if her husband committed a forgery on account of Colonel Picquart's acts it was to "save the Army." Lebon said he considered the judgment of 1894 "legal and intact," and that if he had to deal again with a man thus convicted he would act again the same way—namely, inflict tortures upon him. The reading of the report of those tortures made a profound impression upon the Court, and Dreyfus broke down under the recollection of what he had suffered. At the end of Lebon's deposition he said: "I have not come here to speak of the tortures and the

atrocious sufferings inflicted for five years on a Frenchman and an innocent man. I am here solely to defend my honour, and shall therefore say nothing of what passed for five years on the Ile du Diable."

The deposition of M. Bertulus, the *juge d'instruction*, was the first during the trial which was wholly in Dreyfus's favour. He spoke of the collusion between the officers of the General Staff and Esterhazy; of the strong probability that Esterhazy and Henry were



COLONEL JOUAUST PRESIDING AT THE COURT-MARTIAL

accomplices, and of the network of hypothesis in which it had been sought to enmesh Dreyfus. "But," he continued, "I now say to you on my soul and conscience, because I have followed the case now for many months, that I do not believe him guilty."

Colonel Picquart, in discussing the authorship of the *bordereau*, said that, in his opinion, the department in which a search should have been made when the existence of the *bordereau* was discovered at the Ministry of War was the department of Du Paty de Clam, because that department was at work upon the plan of the covering troops and the Madagascar expedition. It was, he repeated, in that officer's department that a search should have been made, or, rather, in his private room, where he worked quite alone. Colonel Du Paty de Clam had been guilty of the grave imprudence of having, contrary to regulations, had confidential documents copied by mere secretaries, non-commissioned officers, or even common soldiers, whereas the custom was that such work should be done solely by officers. As to the secret *dossier* which Picquart saw when he was at the War Office he said he was "perfectly astounded at its contents. I thought I should find in it some crushing proofs, and I found nothing." After Picquart came another relay of War Office witnesses—Cuignet, De Boisdeffre, Gonse, Fabre, d'Aboville, and others, of whose testimony it can only be said, as the correspondent of the *Times* remarked, that it is a farrago of old wives' tales which would shame the gossip of an afternoon tea-party of village spinsters.

But on Tuesday Labori re-appeared, and with him there came into the court some hope, some life. He was received with a burst of applause, and with the congratulations of all—friends and enemies—and he soon made his presence felt, for he informed General Mercier that he would have to answer certain questions as to how he came to be in possession of official documents at a time when he was not holding office. With the re-appearance of Labori the trial seems to have begun anew, and the weary days will pass somewhat quicker, perhaps, for the unfortunate man who is daily placed on the rack.

## RIOT AND DISORDER IN PARIS

The siege of M. Guérin, in the Rue Chabrol, has supplied a sort of comic by-play to the Dreyfus drama for several days, but finally it culminated in serious rioting. The anti-Guérinists, among whom, besides honest and law-abiding people, are, unfortunately, the Socialists and Anarchists, came into conflict with the police in and around the Place de la République. M. Sebastian Faure was the leader of the attack. From a position on the pedestal of the statue which stands in the centre of the Place he addressed the crowd, and said that the Anarchists should be masters of the streets, which ought not to be monopolised by the Nationalists.

On hearing this direct incitement to violence the police compelled the speaker and his companion to descend from the pedestal of the statue. The crowd was then dispersed, three arrests being made. A column of the demonstrators, headed by Sebastian Faure and Henri Dhorr, then made an attempt to reach the Place de la Nation, but the police intervened and broke through the column.

A struggle for the mastery followed. Revolver shots were fired, and M. Gouliier, Commissary of Police, was twice struck with a knife and wounded. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion into which the defenders of order were thrown by this

incident, the mob re-gathered, and ran towards the Place de la Nation. The police, reinforced by a squad of men who had been held in reserve, made a second attempt to stem the current. Fresh, fiercer fighting than the first ensued. Three constables were wounded. Sebastian Faure and his lieutenant then jumped upon a passing tramcar, of the Vincennes-Louvre line, which was going towards the Place de la République. Reaching there, however, the driver made a signal to the police, who at once came and took into custody Sebastian Faure himself, Henri Dhorr, and two other Anarchists, Joseph Ferrier and Jean Jacques Ferrin. They were conveyed to the Château d'Eau Barracks, and interrogated by the inspector. Only Henri Dhorr was found to be bearing firearms, he being in possession of two revolvers. When Sebastian Faure was jumping on the tramcar the police made two more arrests, but meanwhile the remainder of the band retraced their course to the Place de la République, smashing the windows of two religious establishments which they passed on the way, and eventually attacking the Church of St. Joseph, which became a scene of pillage and sacrilege. The six side altars and the baptismal font were thrown to the ground, the marble holy-water stoups were broken, the pictures rent, and the statues and other devotional objects hurled to the floor and smashed to pieces.

Undeterred by fear of sacrilege, the miscreants next attacked the high altar. The tabernacle was torn from its place, and the sacred Host was thrown on the ground and trampled under foot. The candlesticks were broken in two and the figure of the Saviour hanging on the great cross above the altar was made the aim for missiles and fractured in several places. Then, while raucous voices sang the Carmagnole, the malefactors seized the chairs, and, carrying them out to the small square in front of the church, kindled a bonfire.

Thus, once more, the French mob has given evidence that it has in it all the elements of the great Revolution, that if it got the upper hand the very same scenes would again be witnessed, and that a new Reign of Terror, possibly with a new Robespierre, would afflict humanity.



GENERAL ZURLINDEN



MADAME HENRY



GENERAL MERCIER

## THE DREYFUS TRIAL: SKETCHES IN COURT

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, PAUL RENOUARD AND GEORGES REDON





When the mob had broken into the Church of St. Joseph, the place was immediately sacked, and chairs and other furniture were set afire

BURNING CHAIRS AT THE CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH  
DRAWN BY W. PIKE



The rioting in the streets continued until after midnight. One of the last acts of the mob was the destruction of two newspaper kiosques and the burning of their contents

MAKING BONFIRES OF NEWSPAPERS  
DRAWN BY T. S. C. CROWTHER



Among the religious buildings attacked was the St. Mary Institution in the Rue des Boulets. Here the windows were smashed, and the figure of the Virgin over the doorway was made the target for missiles of all kinds  
THE ATTACK ON THE ST. MARY INSTITUTION IN THE RUE DES BOULETS  
DRAWN BY A. KEMP LEBBY



The well-known Anarchist leaders, M. Sebastien Faure and M. Faberot, having harangued the mob, the police interfered and a struggle ensued. M. Faure and his lieutenant then jumped upon a passing tramcar on which they were subsequently arrested

THE ARREST OF M. SEBASTIEN FAURE  
DRAWN BY H. JOHNSON



FD

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



# THE GRAPHIC

## Amateur Photographic Competition

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THIRD PRIZE (£5)

"HUNGER IST DER BESTE KOCH"

MRS. MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS, Salem, Oregon, U.S.A.



"LOOKING FOR THE POSTMAN"  
W. G. HOOPER, Wick, Christchurch, Hants  
Prize of the value of £3 3s.



"SETTER PUPPIES"  
"They Scratch Me"  
MABEL M. THOMSON, Woodferry, Oxford  
Prize of the value of £3 6s.



“IF I HAD A DONKEY WOT WOULDN'T GO”  
FOURTH PRIZE (£5) ALFRED CRASKE, Noël House, Upper Tooting, S.W.



“COMIN' THRO' THE RYE”  
P. GAY, Rock and Pillar, Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.

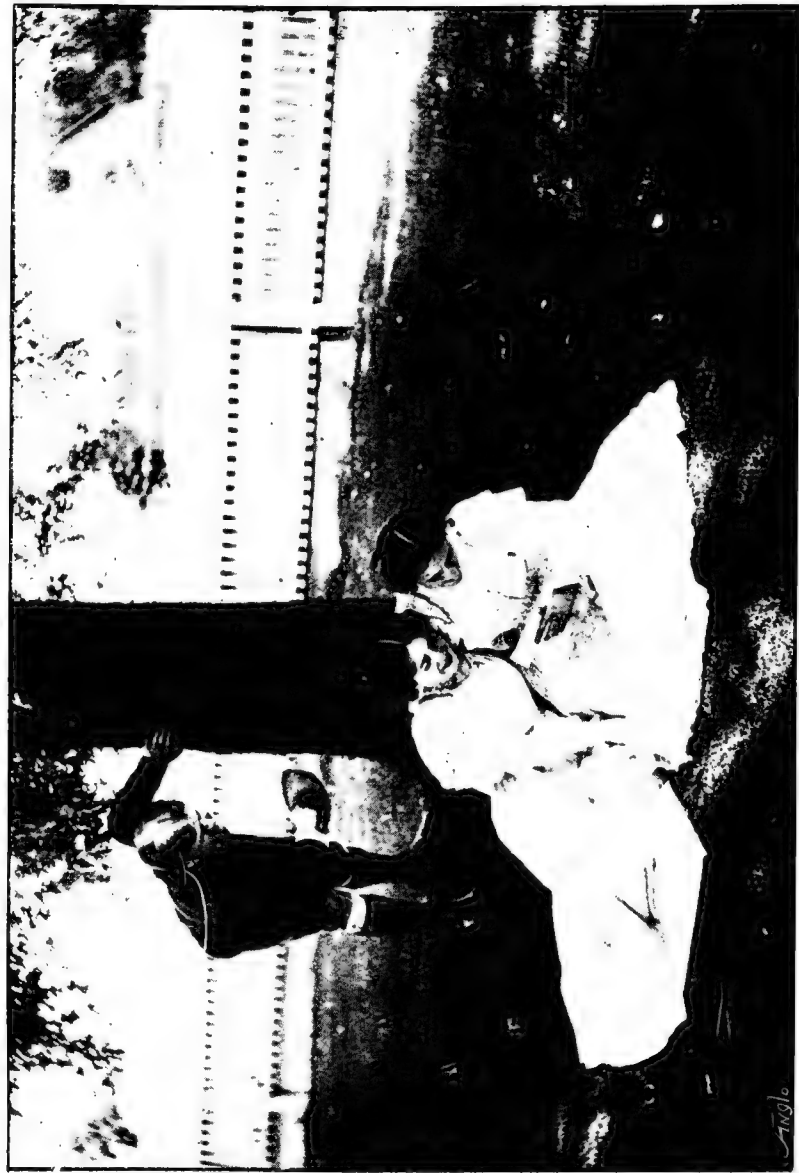


“STICKS FOR MOTHER'S FIRE”  
Miss P. ROCHUSSEN, Châlet Grenon, Champéry, Valais, Switzerland  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.





"FENNERDALE LAKE"  
J. REDHEAD, 9, Spring Street, Barrow  
Prize of the value of £3 3s.



"VERY SLY!"  
J. EDGAR ALLEN, Rockville, Indiana, U.S.A.



"THE AIGUILLE DU PLAT, FROM LE PLARET, DAUPHINY ALPS"  
SYDNEY SPENCER, Mount Beacon House, Bath  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"VIEW OF ICE FLOWERS AT ST MORITZ"  
MRS. MAIR, 67, The Drive, Brighton  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"HOAR FROST"  
FRED H. GARDNER, Coggeshall, Essex  
Prize of the value of £3 3s.



"SUNBEAMS ON THE DIAL"  
MISS OPRE TREMAYNE, Carclew, Perran ar Worthal, Cornwall  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.



"THE 'NORSE KING' AT GUDEVANGEN"  
REV. R. C. MACLEOD, Mitford Vicarage, Morpeth  
Prize of the value of £1 1s.





FROM A SKETCH BY H. EGGERSDORFER

STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG

## Our Portraits

SIR CHARLES LENNOX PEEL, late Clerk to the Privy Council, died last Saturday, after a few days' illness. He fell down on the previous Wednesday in a fainting fit, and struck his head, and never recovered consciousness. He was born in 1823, and was the son of Mr. Laurence Peel, by Lady Jane, daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond. He was grandson of Sir Robert Peel, the first baronet, and nephew of the great Sir Robert Peel. He served for a short time in the 71st Highland Light Infantry and 72nd Duke of Albany's Highlanders, and then joined the 7th Queen's Own Hussars. Retiring from the Army he became secretary to the Red Sea and



THE LATE SIR C. LENNOX PEEL  
Late Clerk to the Privy Council

Indian Telegraph Company. He was afterwards private secretary to the Duke of Richmond, and junior assistant-secretary at the Board of Trade. In 1875 he was appointed Clerk to the Privy Council, and held that post until his retirement from the public service last year. He was made C.B. in 1882, and K.C.B. in 1891. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Major William Hugh Dunlop, who has just been appointed Chief Constable of the East Riding of Yorkshire, is the youngest son of the late Mr. Colin R. Dunlop, of Torwood Hill, Ross, Dumbartonshire. He was born in 1857, and joined the Royal Irish Rifles in February, 1879, and has thus seen twenty years' service. He became lieutenant in 1880, captain in 1887, and has only recently been promoted to be major. For some time Major Dunlop was Adjutant of the 4th (Militia) Battalion of his regiment, and since 1897 has been a Recruiting Staff Officer of the Dublin District. In spite of his years in the Army, Major Dunlop has seen no active service. Our portrait is by Abernethy, Belfast.



MAJOR W. H. DUNLOP  
New Chief Constable of the East Riding

Mr. William Simpson, R.I., whose death occurred last week in his seventy-sixth year, was a very well-known black-and-white artist. Born in Glasgow in 1823 he was educated at Perth and Glasgow. He settled in London in 1851, and on the outbreak of the war with Russia was despatched to the Crimea by Messrs. Colnaghi to make a series of illustrations of the war. On his return he published two volumes of sketches under the title of "The Campaign in the East." These sketches were first sent to the Queen, who honoured him with instructions to paint for her pictures of the troops as they returned from the seat of the war. These led to further Royal Commissions, which culminated in a picture representing the scene in the death-chamber at Sandringham when the Duke of Clarence died. Mr. Simpson travelled in India from 1859 to 1862, and made numerous sketches, which he published in 1867 on "India Ancient and Modern." In 1866 he joined the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, and went out for that paper to Abyssinia with Sir Robert Napier's Expedition, when he was present at the capture of Magdala. Two years later he served as artist-correspondent in the Franco-German War. Being attached to the French Army, he was in Paris during the siege, and was there during the Commune. He then went to China, and later followed the campaign between the American troops and Modocs, when he narrowly escaped being scalped. He accompanied the Prince of Wales to India in 1875. His last service in the field was in the Afghan War of 1878.



THE LATE MR. W. SIMPSON, R.I.  
Artist and War Correspondent

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

LONDON is less empty than it generally is at this period, for complications in foreign countries are not only keeping many who belong to the official world at home, but have prevented others from visiting the Continent. Both in France and in Spain at the moment Englishmen are regarded with disfavour—to put it in a mild form—and even in Germany our fellow countrymen and women are frequently afforded a by no means gratifying welcome. It has been ascertained that far fewer English men and women have crossed the Channel since the season closed than do generally. This is, of course, greatly to the advantage of hotel keepers and others throughout Great Britain who derive profit by accommodating visitors.

The Government is passing through an exceptionally anxious time, for it is difficult to foresee what disastrous events may shortly develop on the Continent. A revolution either in France, in Italy, or in Spain might have frightful consequences, and once the spirit of unrest gets beyond control it is impossible to predict what course it will take. It is said that it is for the purpose of not adding fresh fuel to the fire that the Government is exercising the utmost patience in dealing with the Transvaal Question.

Two of the most able diplomatists that we have, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir Horace Rumbold, will be superannuated early in next year. This is the more regrettable as European complications may require the presence of men of their calibre to deal with the difficulties which may arise. Should the present situation become seriously acute it is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury will still further prolong the term of service of both Sir Henry Wolff and of Sir Horace Rumbold.

Those who have the necessary information to form an intelligent forecast as regards such matters assert that Sir Francis Plunkett, at present British Minister at Brussels, will be promoted to be British Ambassador at Vienna in succession to Sir Horace Rumbold, and that Sir Claude Macdonald, British Minister at Peking, will replace Sir Henry Wolff as Ambassador at Madrid.

Several years ago Sir Henry Wolff published a meagre volume of reminiscences. It is to be hoped that, when he has more leisure than his official duties afford him now, Sir Henry will considerably amplify this provokingly insufficient record of an unusually interesting career. Sir Henry Wolff, conversationalist, wit, politician and diplomatist, the originator of the Primrose League, has been behind the scenes as frequently, if not more often, than most living men. Even if he has failed to keep records of his experiences, and of the events which have come to his knowledge, Sir Henry has far too retentive a memory for these circumstances to have escaped him, and it is not too late, therefore, for him to dovetail them together with a view to their eventually being made public.

It is devoutly to be hoped also that the late Sir Charles Lennox Peel has left material to compile reminiscences of his interesting and distinguished career. The Clerk of the Privy Council has exceptional opportunities for seeing the stage of life behind the scenes, and as yet the inquisitive public has little reliable information in this respect as regards the English Court and the official world of the past half-century.

Mr. Ernest Sweet-Escott, formerly Colonial Secretary of British Honduras, relinquished that appointment several months ago, and, instead of proceeding to another post, was retained at the Colonial Office to assist in that department. There is every cause for satisfaction that Mr. Escott has now been appointed to be Administrator of the Seychelles Islands, for he is an exceptionally able official. The Colonial Service is on the verge of regeneration. Until now it

has been but too often regarded as a nest of sinecures which were to be distributed according as the opportunities presented themselves, and in accordance with the importunities of applicants and their influential supporters.

## The Memorial at St. Privat

THE Emperor William last week visited St. Privat, the famous battlefield in the Franco-German War. The battle, which took place on August 18, 1870, was one of the terrible conflicts that took place round Metz. The most desperate struggle took place on the slopes of Gravelotte, which the Germans gained by nightfall after repeated charges, the fortune of the day being long in suspense. But the right of the French was outflanked, and they fell back, fighting to the last, and retired, under cover of Metz. The French are said to have lost 19,000 and the Germans 25,000.

The occasion of the Kaiser's visit to the battlefield was the unveiling of a monument to the 1st Regiment of Guards. In the course of his speech at the ceremony the Emperor said: "The design chosen for the monument differs from that which is usual to battlefields. The mail-clad Archangel is leaning, in calm repose, on his sword, adorned with the proud motto of the regiment, 'Semper talis.' I desire that the meaning attached to this figure shall be generally known. It stands on this bloodstained field as the guardian of all the brave soldiers of both armies, French and German, who fell here (the Emperor laid marked stress on the words "all" and "both"), for the French soldiers, who found a glorious grave at St. Privat, also fought bravely and heroically for Emperor and fatherland. And when our flags are lowered in greeting before this bronze statue, and flutter mournfully over the graves of our dear comrades, so may they also wave over the tombs of our foes, and whisper to them that we think with sorrowing regard of their brave dead. With deep thanks, and with an upward glance to the Lord of Hosts for the guidance mercifully vouchsafed to our great Emperor, we will recall to mind that the countless souls of all those who once stood face to face in hot encounter look down upon us this day from where they stand round the throne of the Supreme Judge, united in the eternal peace of God." Our illustrations are from photographs by E. Jacobi, Metz.



THE MEMORIAL AT ST. PRIVAT



THE KAISER UNVEILING THE MONUMENT AT ST. PRIVAT (GRAVELLOTTE)





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

After the arrest of M. Sébastien Faure the Anarchists can only be compared with the wildest days of the Commune. The mob formed up in a compact body, produced hatchets and ugly-looking knives, and retraced their steps to the Place de la République, attacking religious establishments which they passed on their way, and perpetrating unspeakable acts of sacrilege at the churches of St. Joseph and St. Nicolas. St. Joseph's altar pieces were torn down, pictures trampled under foot, statues smashed to atoms, and a bonfire made of the chairs

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

THE RIOTS IN PARIS: THE MOB PILLAGING ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH



THE "COOKERY" AT HEADQUARTERS



VOLUNTARY LADY ASSISTANTS TAKING OUT FOOD TO THE SICK POOR

### THE LIVERPOOL FOOD AND BETTERMENT ASSOCIATION

SOME six or seven years ago Mr. H. Lee J. Jones conceived the idea of starting an association to provide good food to the poor of Liverpool at a minimum cost. The association was originally called the Liverpool Food Association, but has since been renamed the Liverpool Food and Betterment Association, the title being more appropriate to the extended work of the association, which now embraces the court and alley open air concerts. The primary object of the association was to supply cheap and free meals to underfed children and

others, and also specially prepared invalid meals for the sick poor of all ages without respect to creed. The food is taken to the bedsides of the sick by voluntary lady workers who devote so many hours a day to the work of the association. The ladies while so employed wear the uniform of the association, a blue nurse's cloak and an apron of lighter blue. The idea of giving concerts in the open air was first mooted in 1897, and according to the last official report of the association sixty-two of these concerts were given during the year ending November, 1898. It was at first thought by some that Mr. Lee Jones and his performers would run some risk of personal violence in some of the courts, but this has proved to be a very groundless fear. Everywhere the concerts are welcomed. Handbills are distributed explaining what

the concert is, and that the performers work for love. Quite unasked, the inhabitants of the spot chosen wash out their court and decorate it with tissue paper flags. The equipment for one of these concerts are a platform, a piano, and a rope to keep the people a convenient distance from the platform. That the people thoroughly appreciate the concerts is shown by the fact that the audiences number on an average about seven hundred. The association is in want of subscribers, and is thoroughly deserving of help. It may be interesting to give in brief the record of its last year's work, as set out in the report:—Ordinary meals, 254,000; invalid meals, 20,970; grocery parcels (with two pounds of bread each), 1,380; articles that aid and please invalids, 320; Court and Alley Open Air Concerts, 62; total of the audiences at the concerts, 43,400.



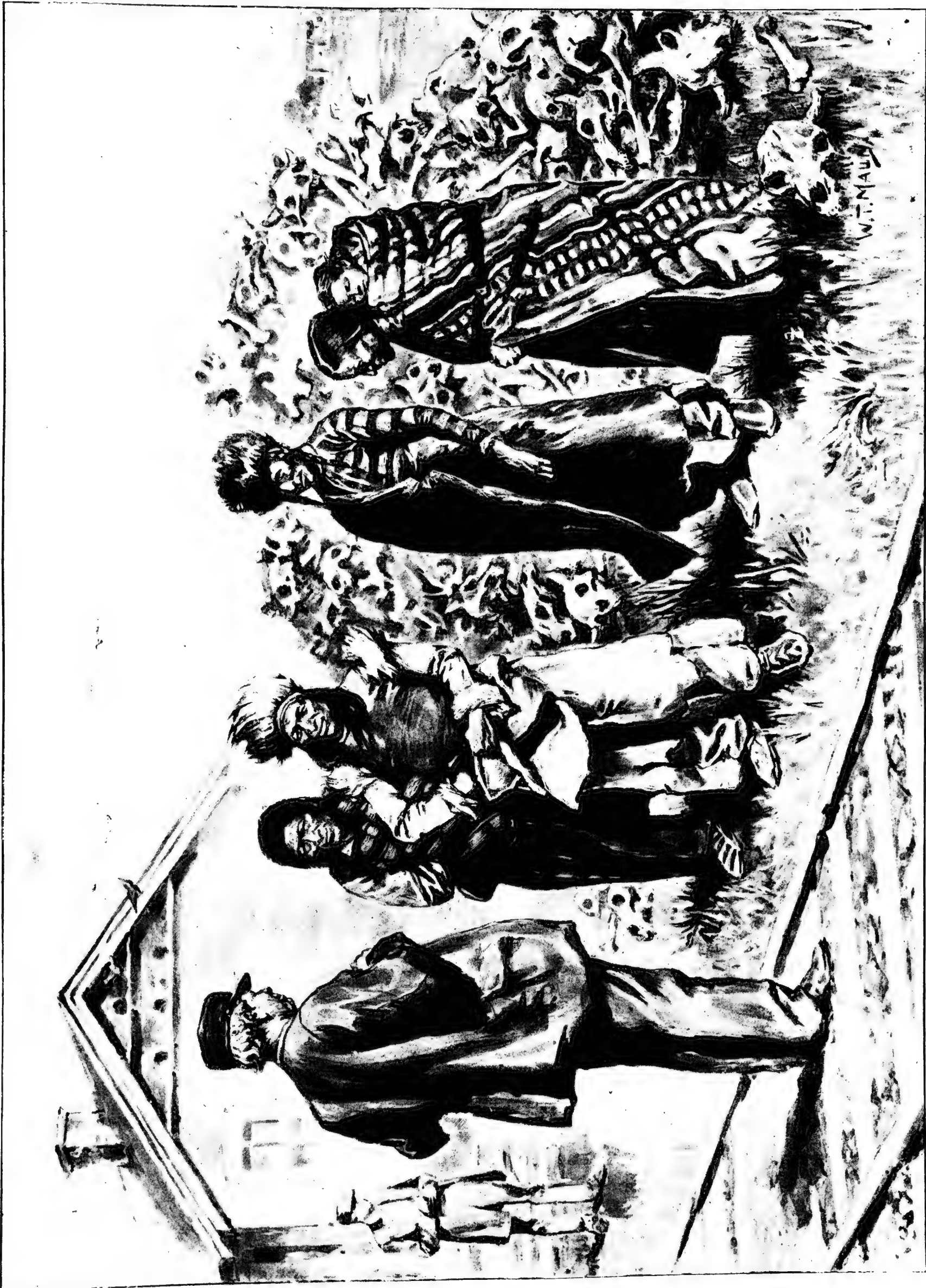
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

A COURT AND ALLEY OPEN-AIR CONCERT

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE LIVERPOOL FOOD AND BETTERMENT ASSOCIATION: GLIMPSES AT ITS WORK





THE FINAL STAGE IN THE EXTERMINATION OF THE BUFFALO: RED INDIANS SELLING BONES AND SKULLS AT A STATION ON AN AMERICAN PRAIRIE

FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR J. FORTUNE NOTT

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

## The Hungarian National Monument

A VIENNA correspondent writes:—"From Arpad to Franz Joseph I. is a great stride in a monument commemoration of Hungary's 1,000 years' existence. Mons. Szalla, the famous sculptor, has, however, undertaken the gigantic task at the request of the State. The recent millennial exhibition proved the first real initiative, but another three or four years must elapse ere the greatest piece of sculptural work ever seen in Hungary will be ready in the well-known site at the Park end to the Andrássy Boulevard. It will cost the country eighty thousand pounds.

"There is a pretty Hungarian legend to the effect that the familiar crown which has descended to Franz Joseph was placed on Stephan I.'s head by Pope Sylvester, who in his turn received it from Heaven at the hands of the Archangel Gabriel on condition that he should give it to the once heathen king who had led his people to Christianity. Hence the central hundred-feet-high column of the monument is surmounted by the figure Gabriel holding aloft the crown and the cross, a wondrous conception, full of majesty and dignity. At the base of the column are grouped the heathen King Arpad and his martial chiefs. Horses and men are striking and warlike, some of the bridles being of staghorns, and the figures have that dash and wild fierceness of warriors who had won for themselves the name of the terror of the plains. Arpad and his leaders denote the seven clans or families of Hungary, of which the Hugas and the Szemeres are direct descendants; but the lapse of time has obliterated in most cases the necessarily feebly marked line. The present Minister for Bosnia is said to have the distinction of being directly descended from one. The column has on either side a pendant in the shape of a hemicycle, each containing seven niches for statues of all the principal monarchs who have figured in the stirring history of Hungary. There is St. Stephan and St. Ladislaus and Bela IV., of the Arpad line—Bela, who restored shattered Hungary to its former prestige, and induced the Saxons, Schwabs, and other Teutonic tribes to settle in the land. Then comes Andreas II., ruler also of "Red" Russia, Kolman the Learned, and the representatives of the Anjou or mixed line. Ferdinand I. is there as the first of the Habsburgs, and finally we have Maria Theresa, Leopold I., and Franz Joseph I., to symbolise the Habsburg-Lorraine family. Surmounting the hemicycles are allegorical groups representing Art and Science, the Chariots of War and Peace and Intellectual Progress; below are figures symbolical of Life and Death for the Fatherland, and a frieze tells the story in plastic relief of Hungary's eventful history.

"The whole is designed as it were to be an open book of Hungary's past and immediate present, that he who runs may read. It is a magnificent conception, which might very well be taken into consideration for any scheme for beautifying London."

The bust shown in the accompanying picture is intended for the aristocratic Park Club, of Budapest; but, at the same time, it will be used for the standing figure of the King in the Great National Arpad Monument.



M. SZALLA AT WORK ON HIS BUST OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH  
A ROYAL MODEL AT BUDAPEST

## "Japan in Transition"

MANY volumes have been written describing Japan as it was before the war, but the march of events has been so rapid, the progress made has been so great, that these works give us but little idea of what Japan is at the present time. "The process of transition," says the author of the present volume, "has been so abrupt that the reader is shocked when, at the end of a bulky volume, dealing with Daimios, flower ceremonies, cherry blossoms, tea gardens, and temples, he finds these subjects suddenly replaced by modern ordnance, railways, international politics, electricity, and merchant firms. The contrast is too striking to be either artistic or satisfactory." The author has, therefore, confined himself in this volume to the completely modern aspect of Japan; he contrasts and compares the ordinary methods of the modern Japanese, not with the methods of the Japanese of before the war, but with the ordinary methods of the men one finds elsewhere in the civilised world, he describes the book by the sub-title as being "A Comparative Study of the Progress, Policy, and Methods of the Japanese since their War with China."

In a chapter on "Popular Misconceptions of Japan," Mr. Ransome warns us against putting our trust in the descriptions of Japan as given by residents in the treaty ports. He says that life in the treaty ports is absolutely unlike the life in any other part of the country, and that it would be as reasonable to describe a book dealing with "Life in Gibraltar" as an exhaustive treatise on Spain, as to accept a book on treaty-port doings as throwing any light whatever on Japan proper.

The tourist again is bound to base his first impressions of Japan on treaty-port surroundings, as he naturally lands at one of them, and when he does journey beyond them, he generally contents himself with flying trips to the stereotyped places in the interior where treaty-port people and tourists go. Now, the better class Japanese never live in the treaty-ports if they can possibly do otherwise, and although they often wear foreign clothes when going about their business and when in contact with foreigners, and use Western buildings and furniture for the modern offices, as they have found it impossible to conduct modern business under Japanese conditions, yet at home they revert naturally to their own methods of life, to their own clothes, and to their own language.

Another popular fallacy, which the author attempts to controvert, is that which asserts that everything in that country is little. He admits that the average stature of the Japanese is somewhat less than that of

\* "Japan in Transition." By J. Stafford Ransome. (Harpers.)

Europeans, and that their houses strike us as being somewhat smaller than our own.

Most of the earlier writers noticed and noted that fact, and others took it up until it became a point of honour among foreign scribes never to mention any Japanese without coupling with it a belittling adjective of some sort. "These delightful little people," "their tiny little hands," "their polite little manners," "their dear little doll's-houses," "their funny little waddling walk," and so on, and so on *ad nauseam*. The general littleness of Japan was as firmly accepted by the foreigner, and as grossly exaggerated, as, for instance, are the alleged protruding teeth and red Dundreary whiskers which characterise the Englishman of to-day in French caricatures.

With regard to the Japanese houses, Mr. Ransome says they look small to us because they do not run into many stories, and because the rooms are lower than ours. But the floor area is greater per man than in London houses, and if the rooms are lower it is not because the Japanese are shorter, but because their normal attitude when inside a room is a sitting one, and he sits on his heels on the floor. And with respect to the stature of the natives of Japan, he says that although they may be somewhat shorter than Europeans, he says that after a generation or two of youths have been brought up on regular drill, lawn tennis, rowing and bicycling, and nurtured on a diet which has an increasing tendency towards stimulating foods, the difference in the average stature between the Japanese and Europeans will be lessened if not done away with altogether. To emphasize his remarks on this subject the author publishes on the opposite page to them an illustration of the Japanese battleship *Shikishima*, the most powerful warship in the world.

The volume includes a very instructive chapter on "The Position and Prospects of Christianity" in Japan. Mr. Ransome says that the following sentence lately printed in a Japanese journal accurately sums up the state of affairs:—

When Christianity first came to Japan it was warmly welcomed; in after years it was bitterly opposed; and at the present day it is treated with indifference.

Respecting the "Effect of War on Foreign Relations," it would appear that our own relations with Japan are of a more friendly description than those of any other European country. Russia, France, and Germany committed a gross act of injustice to Japan in combining to fetter her actions in China at the close of the war, and to rob her to a great extent of the legitimate spoils of her victory, and England has cause to be thankful that she did not aid and abet that unholy triple alliance.

Speaking of the estimation in which the different nations are held by the Japanese, Mr. Ransome says the Anglo-Saxons, if not liked better, are, at any rate, more respected than the others. They find that, in the long run, their trade with Great Britain and America runs more smoothly than with any other countries; that we do not bother them in their politics, and, above all, we do not use our diplomatic organisation as a commercial agency to force trade into British channels.

Russia, of course, is cordially detested by the Japanese, although Russian residents are on good enough terms with the people. . . . Russian methods do not in any possible way appeal to the Japanese, and although Russia is Japan's nearest neighbour, the Japanese assimilate less of Russia in their process of modernising their country than of any other nation. . . .

In a chapter entitled "Japan as an Ally," Mr. Ransome, after referring to the fact that Russia is Britain's most important political enemy in the Far East, and Germany is our most inveterate commercial opponent, and that France can hardly be numbered among the militant friends of Great Britain in that part of the world, says:—

Thus it is that England might have to face, at any time in that part of the world, the allied strength of Russia, France, and Germany, which, as far as maritime warfare is concerned would not be a very terrible ordeal, provided Japan were neutral and the United States a sympathetic onlooker. If, however, Japan were to throw in her lot with Russia and Germany against Britain, matters would, of course, be very different. . . .

As an ally, Japan would be at once a powerful and a loyal co-operate. Imbued with pluck, determination, and endurance, and with a rapidly growing knowledge of modern warfare and its methods, there is no ally from the British point of view in that part of the world who could compare with Japan. Together, as far as naval warfare is concerned, England and Japan could at the present day hold the position against all comers; and the interests and authority of the two countries could be maintained by means of naval warfare. . . . In fact, as matters now stand, Japan and England could, by playing a somewhat waiting game after hostilities had begun, bring about a coal famine which would cripple the whole of their opponents, including Russia, if the season were well chosen. Mr. Ransome is to be heartily congratulated upon his work, which is written with a great spirit of fairness, and is fully illustrated with photographs, and contains some useful maps.



THE FIGURE OF THE ANGEL GABRIEL ON THE COLUMN



THE GREAT NATIONAL MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT BUDAPEST



# A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

## A SPANISH COUNT REDUCES HIS WEIGHT 34lb. IN 22 DAYS.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one—a marchioness, writes from Madrid: "My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34lb." Another writes: "So far (six weeks) from the commencement of following your system I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes "I am just half the size." A fourth: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bourne-mouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*.

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## New Novels

## "THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY"

CYCLE manufacturers will be pleased to learn that their status in fiction is not to be with wicked marquises, baronets, attorneys, or any other of the traditionally villainous classes, but with the earls, the actor-managers, the journalists, and others who are virtuous by nature. Such things are matters of precedent, and in making the hero of "The Pride of the Family" (James Bowden) a maker of cycles, Ethel Forster Heddle has set one which will no doubt be duly followed. It is very convenient when the heroine's tyre comes to grief to come across the young man who knows exactly what to do, now that the old perils of fire and water have been somewhat overdone. The novel itself has a thoroughly sympathetic plot, and is altogether pleasant reading. It tells how the pride of the Sinclairs of Britomart survived their fallen fortunes, rose still higher in the face of disgrace, but finally succumbed under the influence of a kindness that owed nothing to an aristocratic flavour. There is something about the young manufacturer and inventor who purchases Britomart from its ancient lords, as well as about the situation generally, that reminds one agreeably, and not too much, of the industrial heroes of Werner. It can be recommended in the certainty of its giving wholesome pleasure.

## "CROMWELL'S OWN"

The tercentenary of the birth of the Great Protector, would, it was natural to expect, produce a plentiful crop of appropriate fiction. That such has not been the case may be owing to the belief of every novelist that every other novelist would be taking up the topic; from which it would therefore be a distinction to refrain. Fortunately, Mr. Arthur Paterson has not been deterred by any fear of a crowd from the production of his "Cromwell's Own: A Story of the Great Civil War" (Harper and Brothers). Oliver Cromwell, it need not be said, may be presented in many varied aspects. The aspect of him selected by Mr. Paterson is that of an amiable gentleman, very much bothered by the affairs of his ward, Rachel Fullerton, and by the Socinian opinions paraded by his protégé, Ralph Dangerfield. Oliver has no particular objection to Socinianism in a good and useful soldier, but he has taken a solemn oath that a professor of such opinions shall not marry Rachel. The lovers, however, being sensible young people on the whole, take their own way, and Oliver has to comfort himself with a sermon in

which he effects a reconciliation between his own conscience and other people's doings. For the rest, it is a good fighting novel, or her debut "Craze."



THE "OPEN DOOR" IN CHINA: AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE POLICY

with plenty of action; and Rachel will find hosts of admirers besides everybody in the story.

## "THE MANDATE"

The plot of Mr. T. Baron Russell's "The Mandate" (John Lane) has, at any rate, the merit of originality. Mr. Horace Massie, having unintentionally acquired a strong hypnotic influence over a club acquaintance, Henry St. Kelvin, enters into a conspiracy with Mrs. St. Kelvin to use his power for curing her husband of a tendency to dipsomania. The plot succeeds to a marvel; but, unluckily, the disappointed taste for drink turns to all manner of other evil. In fact, such an unspeakable blackguard does St. Kelvin become under the influence of habitual sobriety that Massie (who has fallen in love with the injured wife) makes the hypnotic suggestion to him that he should die. He dies accordingly—to everybody's entire satisfaction, one would suppose; certainly to the readers'. There is every reason for setting down the death to coincidence only. But Massie, feeling himself to be a murderer in intention, if not in fact, passes through natural remorse into a state in which an imaginary St. Kelvin urges him to the murder of her who is now Mrs. Massie; and thence, through increasingly horrible hallucinations, into raving lunacy. The story is certainly rather ghastly. But besides its merits of originality, it has those of a remarkably virile style, and of a capacity for the portrayal of real passion which we trust to meet again under more agreeable conditions.

## "THE CRAZE OF CHRISTINA"

Mrs. Lovett Cameron founds the plot of her new story (John Long) on one of those wills which in novels alone fail to find their way into Chancery. Some of the conditions under which the poor pressman, Mark Clifford, inherits a great house and eight thousand a year are that he shall not marry for three years; that he shall not leave the hall during the same period for more than a week at a time; and that he shall never dismiss the butler. Christina Greville, as the daughter of the testator's next-of-kin, who would benefit by the breach of what prove to be intolerable restrictions, sets herself to provoke such a breach by Mark, to whom she is a complete stranger. Of course she succeeds; and of course—Lut there cannot be any need to tell how Mark's premature marriage, and even dismissal of the butler, failed to deprive him of his fortune. Anybody who requires such information will do quite well to make his as a novel-reader with the story of Christina's

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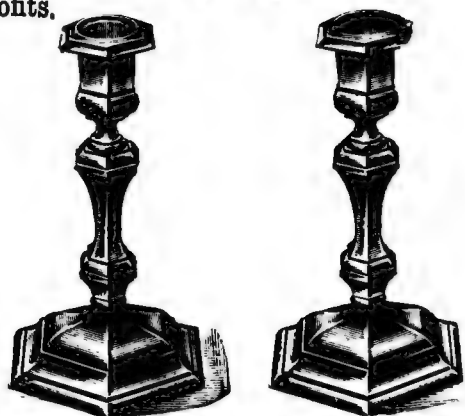


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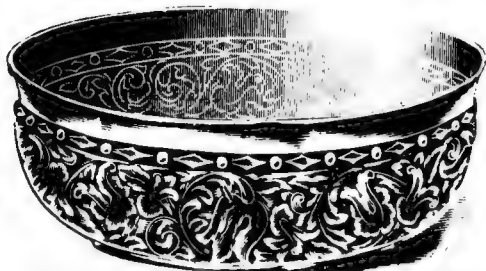
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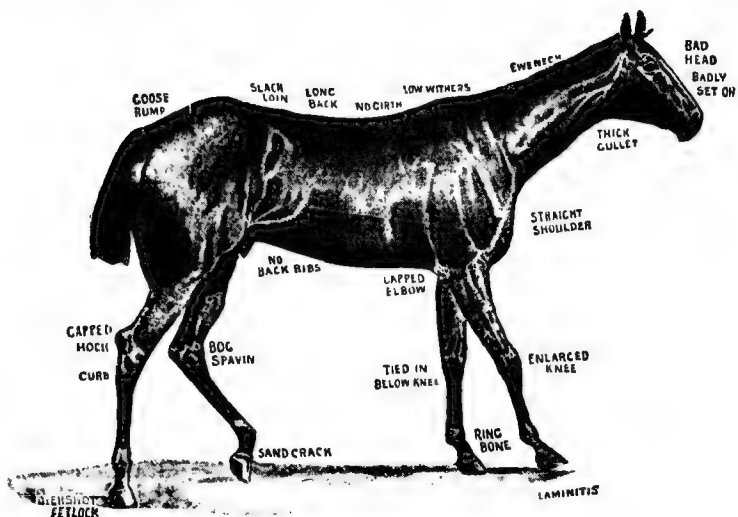
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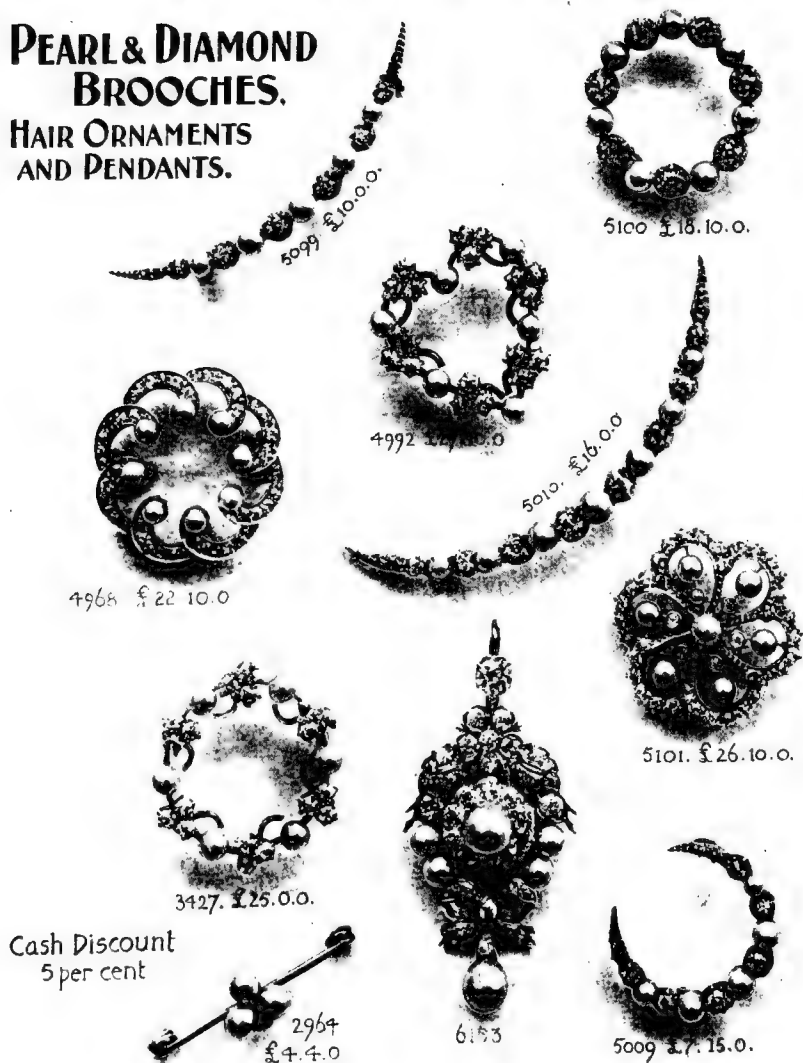


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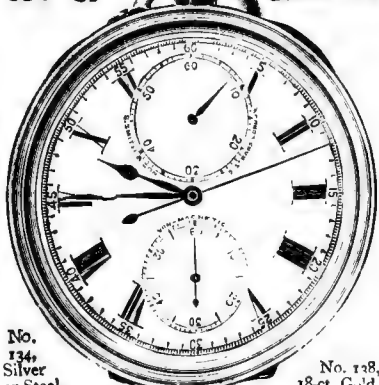
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## Presentation to Mr. Boscawen, M.P.

A LARGE silver bowl has been presented to Mr. A. G. Boscawen,



M.P. for the Tonbridge Division of Kent, by "the friends, users, and owners of traction engines," in recognition of his services rendered in promoting a Bill in Parliament, which became law on January 1, 1899, removing unnecessary restrictions to the advantage of the trade and general public. Two small bowls were on the same occasion presented to Mr. Boscawen by the workmen of the owners and users of tractions. The bowls were designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Queen Victoria Street and Oxford Street.

## Holiday Music

THE opening of the Promenade Concerts to-night really forms part of the holiday musical season. The vacation, so far as London is concerned, is supposed to have extended from the time that the opera closed in July. But this great metropolis is never really without music, and some excellent performances of the lighter kind are always to be heard at Earl's Court and the Crystal Palace, and by the capital County Council bands in various parts of London. The Promenade Concert music will this year be of a somewhat varied character, for a considerable portion of the Covent Garden programmes will be devoted to works of the lighter sort, while at Queen's Hall Mr. Wood may reasonably be expected to satisfy the tastes of those who love better class music. Of the Promenade Concerts we hope to speak next week.

Thanks to some curious reasoning which the average man will not, perhaps, fully understand, the ordinary season of the park and open-air bands provided by the London County Council has now nominally closed. By way of experiment, however, a few extra performances once or twice a week in some favoured districts will be given for a few weeks longer. Considering that these and the Army bands are almost the sole open-air amusements available to the toiling millions who have to remain in London in the month of August, it seems a pity that the County Council performances cannot be made to extend through the month. The objection, we believe, is that it now becomes dark soon after seven o'clock. But Japanese lanterns are cheap enough, and a few scattered amongst the trees in the Embankment gardens and elsewhere, would give the necessary light to the public, and certainly would not involve any considerable outlay. Some time ago a scheme was proposed for giving by the

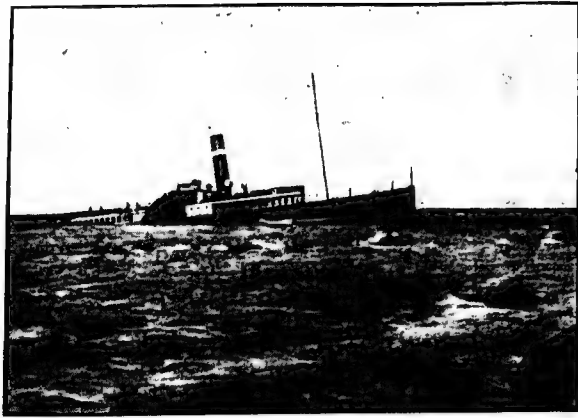
County Council bands a series of special concerts on Saturday evenings during the winter in some of the public halls in the districts where the artisan class mostly reside. Nothing seems yet to have come of the suggestion, which, however, is a very good one, and would certainly be worth the comparatively small cost which it would entail.

## SEASIDE MUSIC

Holiday music, however, so far as most people are concerned, is now limited to the seaside and other holiday resorts. An immense improvement has come over our holiday amusements of recent years. We no longer are limited to the niggers, the Punch and Judy shows, and other entertainments of the beach. The children of older growth, it is true, when on holiday listen with interest to some open-air music which, in ordinary times in town, would probably be ordered away from the house with the threat of an appeal to the police. But organs and niggers seem quite in place on the sands of the seashore. Of recent years, too, the masked entertainers have done wonderful business at our seaside resorts. The first of them, unless we are mistaken, was the masked tenor at Eastbourne, who now, it seems, employs another large sum to collect the money. The "Japs" have been brought rather prominently into notice of late, because, after singing more than once before the Prince of Wales, they were commanded to Osborne, and received compliments from Her Majesty herself. The veil of mystery has now been removed from the "Japs." For a long time their identity was unknown, but it is now said that this clever party consists of Mrs. Joseph Watson, with her sister, her pupil Miss Valli, and Mr. Leo Mara. Mrs. Watson is well known as a highly successful trainer for the voice, and also as the composer of some agreeable songs; and her enterprise with the "Japs" is, we are glad to learn, as financially successful as it undoubtedly is popular. Then again a ventriloquist has been touring about the South Coast towns and earning a great deal of money. Indeed there is not the slightest doubt that comparatively large sums are gained by the peripatetic open-air minstrels at holiday resorts. Mrs. Smith, a widow, of Scarborough, swore last week in the local county court that in July she made 4*l.* a week by singing in the streets, and a solicitor remarked that there were several others who earned a very good living.

## BETTER CLASS HOLIDAY MUSIC

There are, however, for holiday folk many amusements of a much higher kind. Particularly in those seaside towns which are the resort of the wealthy and the fashionable the authorities have during the past few years very wisely paid great attention to the music. Mr. Dan Godfrey, jun., at Bournemouth, has a capital Symphony Orchestra, and gives during the season a large number of concerts which would do credit to a London concert room. His cousin (or, at any rate, another young Godfrey) is doing equally good work at Scarborough. So, too, is Dr. Abram at Hastings Pier, and Mr. Granville Bantock at New Brighton. Mr. Bantock has, in fact, during the past few weeks succeeded in enticing to New Brighton Tower, to conduct a series of concerts of their new works, such eminent musicians as Mr. Cowen, M. Chevillard, Dr. Villiers Stanford, M. Colonne, Sir Hubert Parry, M. Edward Elgar, Mr. Corder, and Mr. Edward German, while his concert to-morrow will be conducted by M. Mathieu, and will be devoted to Belgian music; that on September 3 will be directed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie; and that on September 17 by M. Sylvain Dupuis, of Liège, it being devoted to the music of the French and Flemish composers.



The passenger steamer *Redgauntlet* run ashore off Sliderry, Island of Arran, on Wednesday last week. She had struck the Iron Rock fully a mile away, and to prevent her sinking the captain ran her ashore, where she lies partly submerged. The passengers—over a hundred in number—all got safely landed by means of the ship's boats. Operations were commenced a few days ago by the Clyde Salvage Company for floating the vessel, which represents a value of 12,000*l.* Our illustration is from a photograph by Dr. Gray, Edinburg.

THE WRECKED SS. "REDGAUNTLET" LYING OFF THE ISLE OF ARRAN

## London's Parks

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. J. SEXBY, V.D., deserves the thanks of Londoners for having put before them, in so readable and interesting a form, the history of "The Municipal Parks, Gardens and Open Spaces of London" (Elliot Stock). The inhabitants of this city, as a rule, show but little interest in the district in which they reside, and were it not for a few public-spirited men, who have taken it upon themselves to arouse public feeling in these matters, our open spaces would be but few and far between.

Taking the parks and commons as a whole, their history is, more or less, connected with every great movement that has taken place in England during the last few centuries. It was on Blackheath, in 1381, that Wat Tyler mustered his 100,000 men of Kent and Essex to march on London, where they destroyed the Temple and its valuable library and burnt to the ground the Monastery of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell. It was in Highbury Fields that Evelyn saw "some 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire;" and it was the landlord of the "Spaniards," on Hampstead Heath, who invited the Gordon rioters to drink, and, when they were thus engaged, sent for the troops, who arrived in time to defeat the rebels and thus to prevent the destruction of Lord Mansfield's house at Caen Wood. Kennington Common, the scene of some of the most bloodthirsty executions that have ever disgraced the pages of history, witnessed the gathering of the crowds that came to listen to the preaching of Whitefield in 1739, and the great meeting of Chartists in 1848.

The volume contains a deal of information about the many historical houses in the vicinity of these open spaces, numerous anecdotes of the celebrities who visited them, and is well illustrated with both old and modern engravings.

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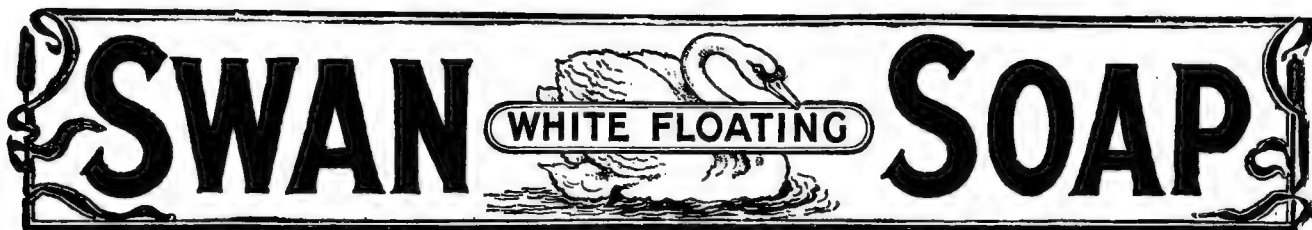
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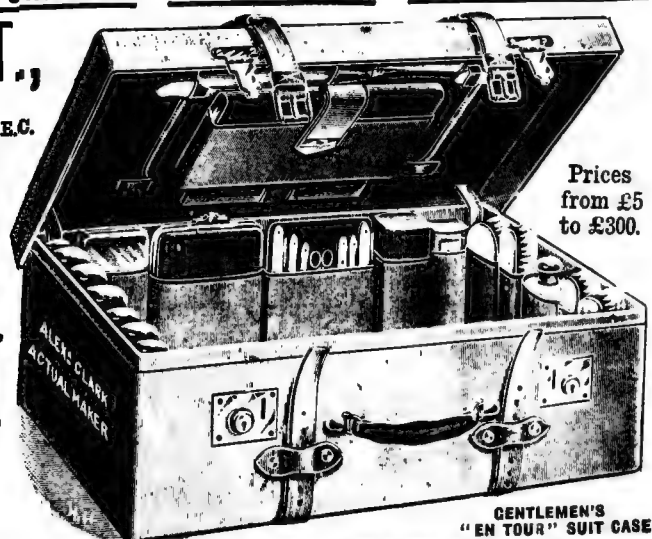
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## Memorial to William Black

We fain would let thy memory dwell  
Where rush the tideways of the sea,  
Where storms will moan or calm will tell  
To all the world our love for thee  
Whom all men loved in this old land,  
And all men loved across the sea—  
We well may clasp our brethren's hand,  
And light the Beacon light for thee!

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being raised for the William Black Beacon to be erected off Duart Point, on the island of Mull. Already the fund

amounts to over 500/, among recent subscribers being Lord Rosebery, and the Scottish residents and other admirers of the Scotch novelist's work in Ceylon have sent a substantial contribution. Subscriptions have been received from Scotsmen in as far off places as Java, outlying parts of California and Hong Kong. The amount of the subscriptions from the United States has not yet been announced, but these should bring up the fund to nearly the total sum required—some 700/. There is a special appropriateness in the selection of Duart Point as the site of the beacon, as it was in that part of Mull that one of William Black's finest

THE MEMORIAL TO MR. WILLIAM BLACK  
TO BE ERRECTED ON DUART POINT

novels, "Macleod of Dare," was planned and partly written, and the scene of the story is in that neighbourhood. The beacon light, which has already been designed, will be maintained by the Northern Lights Commissioners, who have for some time contemplated erecting a beacon off Duart Point, where a signal of such a kind is greatly needed.

"LOW'S HANDBOOK TO THE CHARITIES OF LONDON" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), which is now published for the sixty-first year, is edited by Mr. H. R. Dunville. The financial statistics which are given of various charities have been corrected where possible down to the end of 1898, and even so recent an appointment as that of Mr. E. H. Bousfield last June to the Treasurership of the London Orphan Asylum is recorded. It is interesting to note that the amount of money bequeathed in 1898 for charitable, religious, and educational purposes was about 1,440,000/. The book is well arranged, the Charities being set out in alphabetical order with particulars appended. The preface which sums up the work of last year is well worth reading.

## Rural Notes

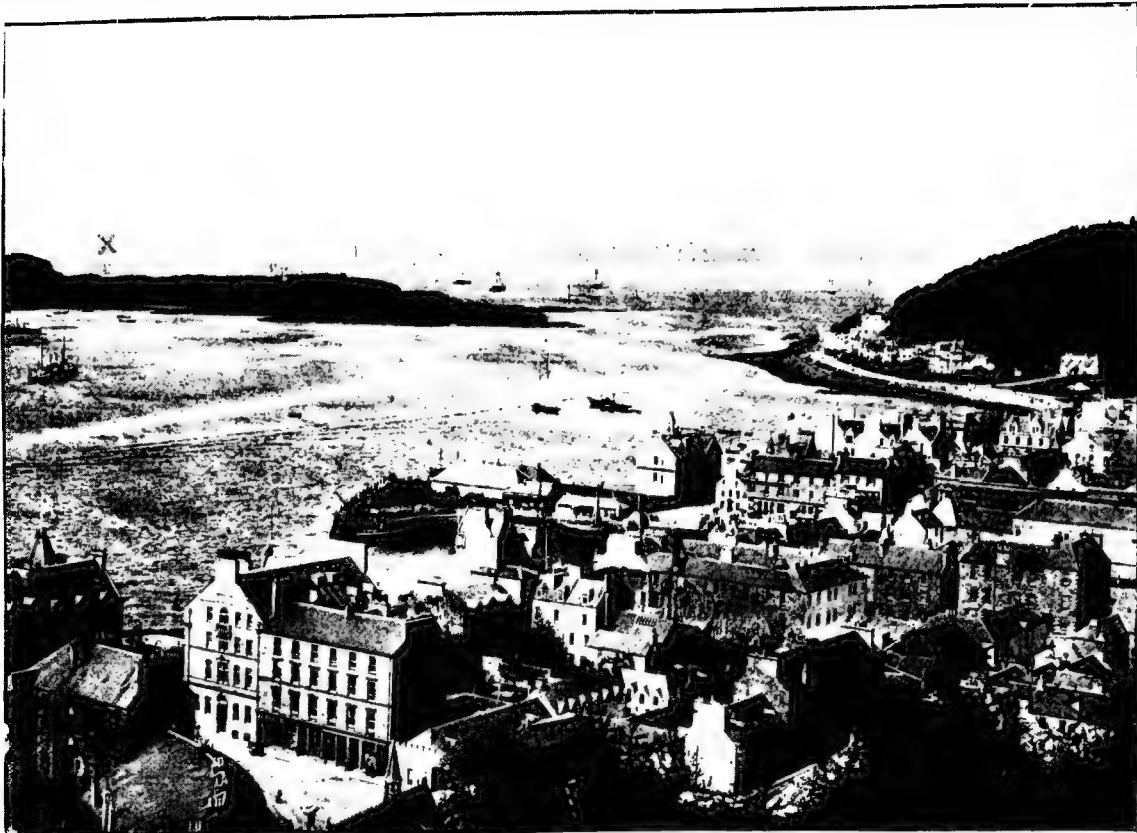
### THE SEASON

HARVEST has proceeded very rapidly, and wheat has been cut and carried from the greater proportion of the English fields, whence, also, a clear half, at least, of the oats have been removed. This is the quickest harvest on record, for the want of rain has enabled the August operations to proceed without interruption, while the small extent of laid or lodged corn has caused machinery to be available in many cases where the delays of hand labour are usually inevitable. The scarcity of hand labour is the one great drawback of the season, but the firms which supply agricultural machinery have made great efforts, and, on the whole, met the demand with real spirit. Plenty of skilled men are to be obtained to run the machines; it is the ordinary agricultural labourer who is hard to find. The town hand, it may be suspected, is not so much disinclined to take a brief spell of work in the country as physically incapable of the protracted strain of even a single week's labour in the fields. The crops themselves are now pretty well ascertained, wheat being a good 32 bushels to the acre, and oats about the same. With respect to wheat, this is two full bushels over the average, but as oats only weigh 40 lb. to the bushel against 60 lb., the mean weight of wheat, the crop is in reality very

deficient in bulk. Barley is now being secured in good condition, almost over-ripe indeed. Fine bright samples of splendid colour for pale ale brewing will atone for a slightly under average yield per acre. The new maple peas are excellent, and at 30s. per qr. are well worth buying. New rye at 24s. is also an excellent bargain.

### HARVEST BRUTALITY

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more brutal sight than that which has been seen every day for three weeks past in our harvest fields. By an unwritten law which dates from the times of our bull-baiting ancestors the harvest men are allowed as a perquisite all the rabbits, hares, and unfeathered game that is found in the corn, but as they have no gun licenses they must needs take their prey by hand or bludgeon, stone or other missile. Hence we see rabbits run down and strangled, or their backs broken by a blow from a cudgel, or their sides cut open by a sweep of the scythe or the cast of a sharp flint. Even the foot is used to stamp the life out of one poor creature, while the stick or stone is hurled at another escaping rabbit or "sent after" the swifter hare. It is more than time that this degrading and repellent custom was abolished, but the different "Humanitarian" Leagues, while actually alive to the sufferings of the tame stag or the "trap"



The mark X indicates the spot on the horizon where the beacon will stand  
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pigeon, the victims of the aristocrat are conveniently myopic when the acts of the democracy are in question. The old had times have left more than one legacy of disgrace, and the harvest gifts of per-intoxicants are hardly less detrimental than these living "per-intoxicants" to the real welfare of the labourer himself. Good wages and an abolition of all corrupting "extras" is the policy which all who have a voice in these matters should set before them.

## SUNRISE AND SUNSET

On the flyleaf of an eighteenth century book on gardening we find this note: "Rule: Double the hour of sunset and it will give you the length of the day. Double the hour of sunrise and it will give you the length of the night." Can any of our country readers tell us if this is approximately correct? The old books on gardening are well worth looking up, apart from casual notes on the fly-leaves. We find in one that "we get the driest weather when the wind is N.E. in February and March, also in June, but when the wind is N.W. in July, W. in August, E. in September, and again N.W. towards the close of the year." It is interesting to note that even as long ago as 1842 there were 897 sorts of apples cultivated in England, also 149 sorts of gooseberries, 442 sorts of pears, and 127 sorts of plums. There were even six distinct varieties of quinces, of which we now have apparently but one of any note, and there were ninety-nine distinct sorts of grapes. The fruits which have enormously increased in variety seem to be strawberries, raspberries and currants. There were in 1842 only 31 sorts of strawberries, eight of raspberries, and thirteen of currants recognised by the Horticultural Society. To-day we should imagine that the figures exceeded 100 in all three cases.

## CLIMBING PLANTS

James Payn had told us that when he had hired a villa near Margate he was rather alarmed to find neatly inscribed on the gate-posts the name of "The Creepers." The climbing plants have none the less done much for many unsightly places, and the extension of their use is much to be desired, especially in the suburbs. Even in the "full" country they have many uses, covering ugly stable walls with advantage, growing over and making beautiful, decaying or lightning-struck trees, which tenants with no "right to fell timber" cannot remove, and which freeholders, oddly enough, will seldom uproot. The climbing tropaeolums should be more grown than they are, the canary creeper is the only one really well known, but there are many others, some with wonderful blossoms of scarlet and carmine. The clematis grows in favour, but the passion flower is not, we fancy, more grown than it was twenty years ago. Yet we have found it, on the whole, hardier than the average clematis, and it takes an extraordinarily tenacious hold. The escallonia can be used to a great extent for covering walls, and flourishes well in a seaside situation, where many creepers fail. The wisteria is uncommonly difficult to get started, but once well established it is a great delight, repaying many disappointments.

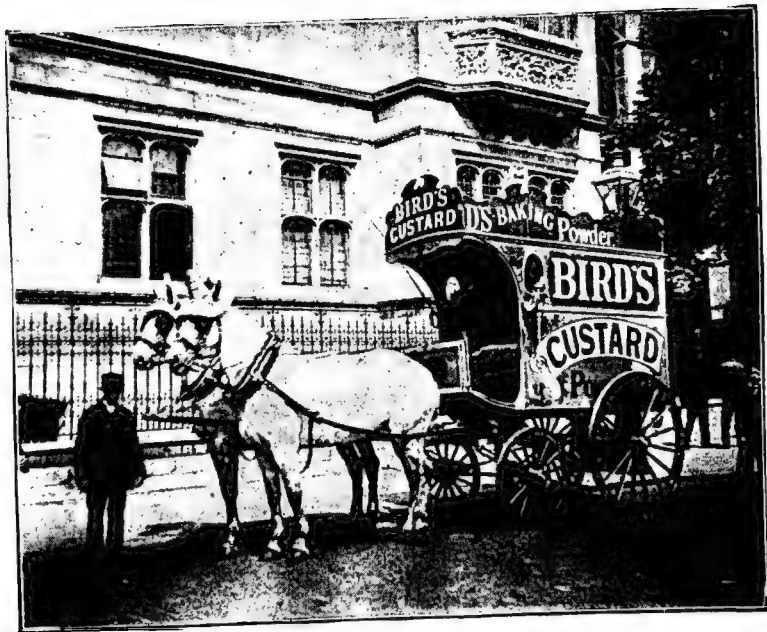
## DOGS AND TRESPASSERS

We must confess to a certain regret at the untimely fate of the Irish terrier over whose remains there has been waged a war recalling the classical encounters from Homer to Macaulay. The facts are simple:—A was a cadger, sneaking after another man's rabbits. B was the other man, and he had a gun. C was the Irish terrier. A sent the dog after B's rabbits, and on B remonstrating

with C the latter tried to bite him. Whereupon B shot C. Held by the Justice that B was within his rights. Now Mr. Ruskin, who said it was better to shoot one's neighbour rather than cheat him, would probably have shot A, and if any shooting was necessary there is something to be said for the criminal suffering, and not the poor dog, which only obeyed its idea of duty in resisting a stranger. Yet the other side of the argument; that B was to submit to the trespass or else be bitten is absurd. Clearly some change in the law is needed. Trespass for the object of theft should attach to the person whose trained animal goes after game on another man's land, and trespass for the object of theft should entail imprisonment without the option of a fine, being in this respect sharply distinguished from trespass in pursuit of pleasure.

## AN AGRICULTURAL LANDSLIP

A curious case is reported, a result, we suppose, of the drought and subsequent "cracking" of soil. A farm situate on higher land than another has lost the best part of a field by a sudden landslide. How does the law stand? The soil which has slidden belongs to its original owner, but he cannot remove it from the land of the other farmer without consent, and the latter refuses such consent, alleging, with much plausibility, that it is bad enough to have some acres of crops buried, and that the soil which has come down atop of them, is not more than a very bare compensation for disturbance. The upland farmer would have to pay his neighbour for the ruined crops if he moved the soil, even if consent were obtained. It is probable that both parties would do well to accept the *status quo*, but it is odd that this event should not be referred to, so far as we can find, in any farmers' book or law lexicon or property holders' *vade mecum*.



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Drawn by FRANK CRAIG

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From the Painting by MARCUS STONE, R.A.

## AN ENCORE

By AMELIA PAIN

## BY WORM TO PRINCE

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E.  
Illustrated by J. R. WEGUELIN, R.W.S.

## PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE BILL

By GRANT ALLEN. Illus. by FRANK CRAIG

## CAUGHT FLIRTING

Drawn by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

PRESENTATION PLATE, from the Painting by F. D. Millet  
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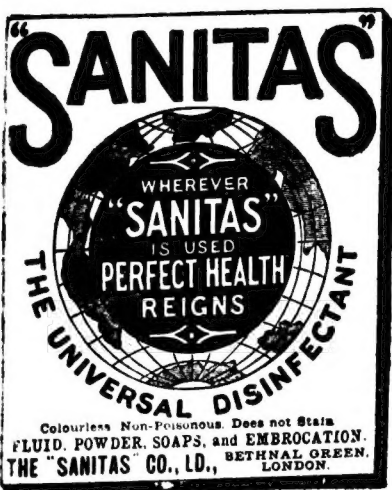
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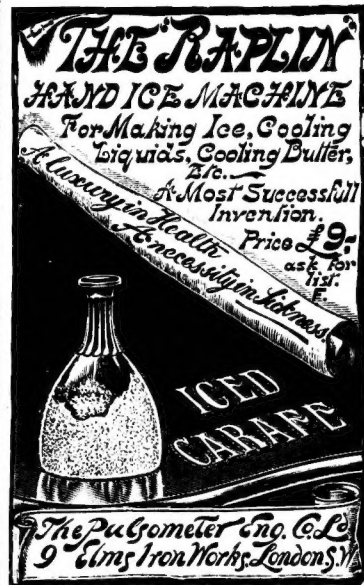
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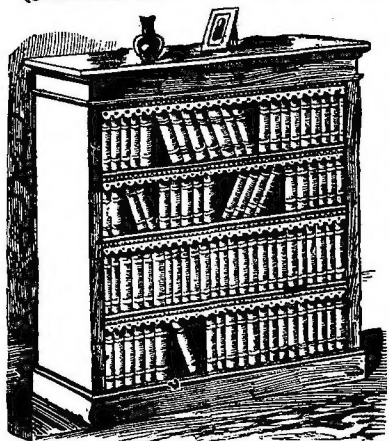


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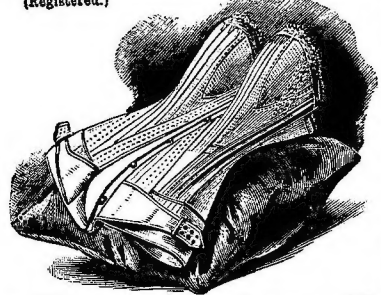
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THE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 26, 1899

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